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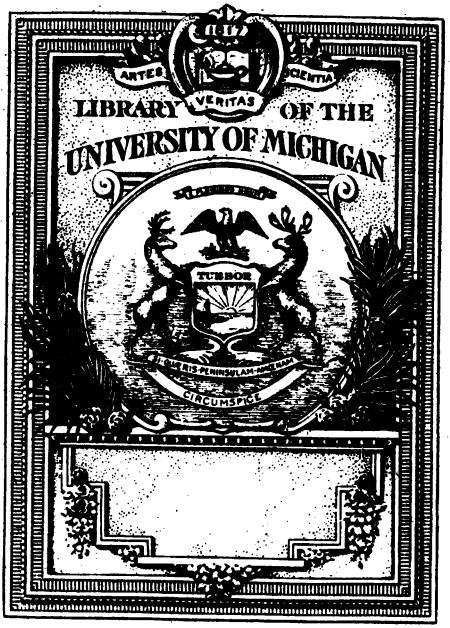
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Vol III

THE

MARTYRS;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

FROM THE

ORIGINAL FRENCH

OF

F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

WITH NOTES.

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WHITING AND WATSON.

John Forbes, Printer.

1812.

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District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fourth day of May, in the thirty-sixth year of the independence of the United States of America, Whiting and Watson of the (L. S.) said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words and figures following, to wit:

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CHARLES CLINTON,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

THE

MARTYRS;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

THE ARGUMENT.

Voyage of Cymodocea. She arrives at Joppa. She goes up to Jerusalem. Is received by Helena as her daughter. Holy week. Response of the Cumæan Sibyl. Hierocles despatches a centurion to claim Cymodocea. Dioclesian signs the edict of persecution.

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THE MARTYRS, &c.

BOOK XVII.

BORNE along by the breath of the Angel of the seas, Cymodocea shed torrents of tears. Eurymedusa, who accompanied the daughter of Demodocus, made the galley resound with her cries and lamentations.

"Oh, land of Cecrops," said she, "where inspiration and Genii propitious to man bear sway, must we then leave thee, never to return? Who will give me wings to revisit those scenes so dear to my heart? I would stop my flight at the temple of Homer, I would carry tidings of his Cymodocea to my beloved master! Vain wishes! We are crossing the azure plains of Amphitrite,* where the concerts of the Nereids are heard. Is it the desire of riches which induces us to brave the fury of Neptune? Riches have indeed their enjoyments: but no, 'tis a god more powerful than Plutus: the god who caused Ariadne† to

* Amphitrite was the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, and the wife of Neptune.

† Ariadne was the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, and

die on a desert shore, far from the dwelling of Minos; the god who induced Medea* to visit the towers of Iolchos, and to follow a fickle hero!"

The vessel advanced towards the last promontory of Attica. Already the beautiful temple of Sunium appeared on the summit of a rock: its columns of white marble seemed, from the golden reflection of the stars, to dance upon the waves. Cymodocea was seated upon the stern which was decorated with flowers, between the statues of Castor and Pollux. But for the tears which flowed from her eyes, she might have been taken for the sister of those charming deities, about to land with Paris upon the isle where the daughter of Tyndarus celebrated her marriage, before she was carried to Troy. The vessel flies to the left of the sparkling Cyclades, arranged at a distance

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falling in love with Theseus assisted him in extricating himself from the labyrinth, after he had conquered the Minotaur, and accompanied him on his departure from Crete. Theseus abandoned her upon the shores of the island of Naxos, where she is said to have perished through grief and despair.

* Medea was celebrated as a magician, and was the offspring of Æetes, king of Colchis, and of Iduia the daughter of Oceanus. Upon the arrival of the famous argonaut Jason in search of the *golden fleece*, Medea became enamoured of him, and returned with him into Greece. At Iolchos, the native country of Jason, she is said to have effected many miraculous cures, which obtained for her the reputation of a sorceress. Her history, as well as that of Jason, is considered by many as wholly fabulous.

like a flock of swans upon the sea; directing their course towards the south, they approach the shores of the isle of Cyprus. It was the eve of the festival of the goddess Amathonta:* the gentle and silent wave bathed the foot of the temple of Dione,† built upon a promontory in the midst of the tranquil billows. Girls half naked danced in a wood of myrtles around the voluptuous edifice; young men who burned to untie the zone of the Graces, sang in choirs the eve of the festival of Venus. These words, borne on the breath of the Zephyrs, reached the vessel:

"Let him love to-morrow who has never yet loved! Let him who now loves, continue to love forever!

"Soul of the universe, delight of men and of gods, lovely Venus, it is thou who hast given life to all nature! Thou appearest—the winds are hushed, the clouds are dispersed, spring revives, the earth is covered with flowers, the ocean smiles. It is Venus who places upon the bosom of the young virgin the rose tinged with the blood of Adonis; it is Venus who induces the Nymphs to wander with Love, at night, concealed from the eyes of the chaste Diana. Nymphs, trust not the god of Love: he has laid aside his quiver; but

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* Venus. See note vol. i, p. 287.

† Dione, according to Homer, was the mother of Venus, but she is sometimes taken for Venus herself.

though naked he is armed! The son of Cytherea was born in the fields: he was nourished among the flowers. Philomela has sung his power: let us not yield to Philomela.

"Let him love to-morrow, who has never yet loved! Let him who now loves, continue to love forever.

"Happy isle, thou who bearest the name of the son of Pygmalion and a divine statue,* every thing on thy delightful borders attests the power of Love. Sailors, fatigued by dangers, cast your anchors in our harbours, and furl your sails forever. In the bowers of Amathonta you shall engage in none but gentle combats: you shall fear no other pirate than ingenious Love, who prepares for you chains of flowers. The Graces here weave the moments of mortals. Venus, by an irresistible charm, one day lulled the fatal sisters to sleep in the bosom of Tartarus. Aglaia stole the distaff from Lachesis, Euphrosyne the thread

* Pygmalion was a famous statuary of the island of Cyprus. Disgusted with the females of his native isle, he determined never to marry; but having formed a female statue of admirable beauty, he became enamoured of the work of his own hands, and, by his prayers and intercessions, is said to have prevailed upon the gods to change the statue into a woman, whom he married. The offspring of this marriage was Paphus, who founded the city of Paphos, whence the island of Cyprus is often called the Paphian isle. See Lempriere. Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. x, v. 297.

from Clothos, but Atropos awoke at the moment when Pasithea approached to rob her of her scissors. Every thing yields to the power of the Graces and of Venus!

"Let him love to-morrow who has never yet loved! Let him who now loves, continue to love forever!"

These songs impart tumultuous sensations to the souls of the mariners. The brazen prow cuts the waves with an harmonious sound: laden with the fragrance of the orange-flower and the incense of the sacrifices, the breeze gently swells the sails.

A dangerous languor gradually seizes Cymodocea. Obedient to the designs of Satan, Astarte, that impure spirit who triumphs in the temples of Amathonta, secretly attacks the daughter of Homer. Overpowered by these seductive songs, Cymodocea descends into the vessel; she dwells upon the image of her spouse; she knows not how to regulate the emotions of love consistently with her new religion. She goes to consult Dorotheus; he advises her to have recourse to heaven; the faithful pair fall upon their knees, and address their vows to the Most Powerful. The wind rises, the waves dash against the sides of the galley; it is the only sound which accompanies the prayer of love; an unruly passion, which the sailor cherishes in the midst of the solitude of the seas, as well as the herdsman in the bosom of the woods.

Dorotheus and the daughter of Demodocus were still disturbed by the recollection of Amathonta, when they discovered the summit of mount Carmel.* The plain of Palestine gradu-

* As the scenery here described is no doubt such as it appeared to Mr. Chateaubriand himself on his visit to the Holy Land, and as the remarks made by him in his Itinerary may be thought, by being divested of every thing like fiction, to possess greater authenticity than those of the Martyrs, we shall, in the course of this and the two following books, gratify our readers with such extracts from the former work, upon the subjects of the text, as may tend either to amuse or to instruct. He thus describes the first discovery of the celebrated mount Carmel on his approach to the shores of Judæa.

"The weather was so fine and the air so mild that all the passengers passed the night upon the deck. I had disputed a corner of the quarter-deck with two fat monks, who had given it up to me with much grumbling. It was upon the 30th September (1806) at six o'clock in the morning, that I was awakened, as I lay asleep in this place, by a confused noise of voices: I opened my eyes and observed the pilgrims stedfastly looking towards the prow of the vessel. I asked what was the matter, and was answered by the exclamation: *Signor, il Carmelo!* Carmel! The wind had sprung up at eight o'clock on the preceding evening, and we had arrived during the night within view of the shores of Syria. As I had lain down in my clothes, I sprang up to behold the sacred mountain. Each one eagerly stretched out his hand to point it out to me, but I saw nothing, owing to the sun which was just rising directly before us. The moment was religious and sublime; the pilgrims, holding their chaplets in their hands, stood motionless and in perfect silence, waiting for the appearance of the Holy Land; the chief of the priests prayed with a loud

ally rises from the wave and stretches along the sea; behind it appears the mountains of Judæa.*

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voice: no sound was heard save this prayer and the noise made by the vessel as she moved by the most favourable wind over a brilliant sea. A cry arose, from time to time, from the prow, as they caught a glimpse of Carmel. At length I beheld the mountain appearing like a round spot immediately below the sun: I threw myself upon my knees after the manner of the Latins. I was not conscious of that emotion which I experienced on discovering the shores of Greece; but the view of the cradle of the Israelites and of the country of the Christians, filled me with awe and veneration. I was about to enter the land of prodigies, the sources of the most sublime poesy, places where, speaking even after the manner of men, the greatest event which ever changed the face of the world had taken place—the coming of the Messiah; I was about to visit those shores which Godfrey de Bouillon, Raimond de Saint Gilles, Tancred the Brave, Robert the Strong, Richard cœur de Lion, and Saint Louis, whose virtues were admired even by the infidels, had visited before me. An obscure traveller, how dared I to tread upon a soil consecrated by so many illustrious pilgrims?" Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 103.

* "In proportion as we advanced, and as the sun mounted the heavens, the shores became more visible. The furthermost projection on our left towards the north, was the promontory of Tyre; then came Cape Blanc, St. Jean d'Acre, Mount Carmel with Caiffa at its feet, Tartoura, formerly Dora, the Pilgrim's Castle, and the ruins of Cæsarea. Jaffa lay directly over the bow of our vessel, but could not yet be perceived; the coast then lowered insensibly to the last promontory towards the south, where it seemed wholly to vanish: there commence the shores of ancient Palestine, which proceed to join those of Egypt, and which are almost upon a level with the

The vessel casts anchor at midnight in the port of Joppa ;* more sacred than the vessel of Hiram, laden with the cedars of the temple, it carried the living temple of Jesus Christ, and innocence far more estimable than perfumed wood. The Christian passengers disembark upon the shore; they prostrate themselves and kiss with transport the earth on which their salvation was accomplished. Dorotheus and the young catechumen join a company of pilgrims who were to depart at day-break for Jerusalem.

The east was scarcely whitened by the dawn, when the voice of the Arab who was to conduct the troop, was heard; he gave the signal for the departure of the caravan. The pilgrims prepare; the dromedaries bend their knees and receive upon their arched backs the heavy burdens; strong asses and active mares bear the travellers. Cy-

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sea. The country, from which we were probably eight or ten leagues distant, seemed to be generally white, with dark undulations, produced by the shades; there was not the smallest projection from the oblique line which it traced from north to south: even Mount Carmel varied not the plan; all was uniform and badly coloured. A string of white and irregular clouds followed in the horizon the direction of the land, and seemed to reflect their aspect from the sky."

Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 105.

* For a great variety of interesting observations upon Joppa, or, as it is now called Jaffa, but which are much too long to extract, see Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 107—128.

modocea, who attracted universal attention, was seated with her nurse upon a camel ornamented with trappings of velvet, and with feathers and ribbons. Not more modesty did Rebecca herself exhibit when she veiled her face upon the approach of Isaac; not more beautiful appeared Rachel in the eyes of Jacob, when she left her paternal mansion, carrying with her domestic gods. Dorotheus and his slaves marched at the side of the daughter of Demodocus, and watched the steps of her camel.

They quit the walls of Joppa, embellished by forests of the lintiscus, and the pomegranate, resembling rose-trees laden with golden apples; they traverse the plain of Sarum, which participates in Holy Writ, with Carmel and with Lebanon in being the image of beauty:* it was covered with

* The plain of Sarum is celebrated in Scripture history on account of its uncommon beauty. "When father Neret traversed this plain, in the month of April 1713, says M. de Chateaubriand, it was covered with tulips. The flowers which in the spring beautify this celebrated champaign, are the red and white rose, the narcissus, the anemony, the white and yellow lily, the clove, and a kind of fragrant ever-green. The plain extends along the sea, from Gaza on the south to mount Carmel on the north. It is bounded on the east by the mountains of Judæa and Samaria. It is not of an uniform level; but is composed of four compartments (plateaux) which are separated from each other by a cordon of rough and naked stones. The soil is a fine gravel, white and red, and which appears, although sandy, to possess an extreme fertility.

those flowers whose magnificence Solomon, in all his royal pomp, was unable to equal. They enter the mountains of Judæa by the hamlet in which that fortunate criminal was born, to whom, when on the cross, Christ promised an entrance into paradise.* The pious travellers salute thee also, cradle of Jeremiah, thou who still breathest the

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But, thanks to mussulman despotism, this soil offers to the view nought but thistles, dry and withered herbs, interspersed with miserable plantations of cotton trees, of barley and of wheat. Here and there appear villages in ruins, a few groves of olive and fig-trees. Half way between Rama and Jaffa, is a well noticed by every traveller; the abbe Mariti has given its history, that he might have the pleasure of opposing the utility of a Turkish santon to the inutility of a religious Christian. Near this well is a grove of olives planted in the form of a quincunx, and whose origin tradition attributes to the time of Godfrey de Bouillon. From hence we discover Rama or Ramlé, situated in a charming spot, at the extremity of one of the compartments of the plain." &c. Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 129.

* "We left Rama on the 4th of October at midnight." "After having travelled during an hour over an unequal country, we arrived at some hamlets placed upon the summit of a rocky eminence—and in another hour, we reached the first rising of the mountains of Judæa. We proceeded, by a rough and dreary defile, round an isolated and arid hill, upon whose summit we perceived the ruins of a village and the scattered stones of an abandoned cemetery. This village bears the name of *Latroun* or of the Thief: it was the country of the criminal who repented upon the cross, and who was the object of our Saviour's last act of compassion."

Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 135.

sadness of the prophet of sorrows!* They cross the brook that furnished the shepherd of Bethlehem with the stones with which he slew the Philistine;† they penetrate into a desert where wild fig-trees thinly scattered expose their blackened foliage to the sorching south wind. The earth, which hitherto had retained some traces of verdure, is now barren; the skirts of the mountains widen and assume a more sublime and steril aspect; by degrees vegetation disappears; a red and burning hue succeeds to the paleness of the rocks. Arrived at the summit of a lofty hill, the pilgrims discover an old wall, behind which rise the tops of some modern edifices. The guide exclaims, "Jerusalem!" and the company involuntarily stopping, repeat; "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"‡

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* "It is said that the author of the Lamentations was born in the village which has preserved his name in the midst of these mountains; the gloom of these places seems indeed to breathe throughout the songs of the prophet of sorrows."
Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 137.

† "From the valley of Jeremiah we descended into that of Terebinthus." "We arrived at the brook where the infant David gathered the pebbles with which he overthrew the giant Goliah. We crossed this brook upon a bridge of stone, the only one to be found in these deserts: the brook still contains a little stagnant water." Itinerary, vol. ii, 139.

‡ "After having passed the brook, we discover the village of Keriet-Lefta upon the borders of another dry brook resembling a dusty high-way. At a distance is seen El-Bire, upon the summit of a high mountain, on the route of Nablous,

In an instant, the Christians throw themselves from their mares and their camels. These, prostrate themselves three times; those, beat their bosom with loud sobs; some address the Holy City in the most pathetic language; others remain mute with admiration, their looks fixed upon Jerusalem. A thousand recollections overwhelm at once their hearts and their minds; recollections which embrace nothing less than the duration of the world! Oh, Muse of Zion, thou alone wouldst be able to paint this desert which breathes the

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Nabolos, or Nabolosa, the Sichem of the kingdom of Israel. We continued to bury ourselves in a desert where a few scattered fig-trees exposed their dark foliage to the wind of the south. The earth, which had hitherto preserved some appearance of verdure, now became naked, the flanks of the mountains broadened, and exhibited an aspect at once more steril and more grand. In a short time vegetation entirely ceased; even the moss disappeared. The irregular amphitheatre of the mountains assumed a red and burning hue. We ascended during an hour these gloomy regions, to pass a considerable elevation which we beheld before us. Arrived at its summit, we traversed during another hour a naked plain, strewed with rolling stones. All at once, at the extremity of this plain, I perceived a line of Gothic walls flanked with square towers, behind which appeared something like the projections of edifices. At the foot of this wall lay a camp of Turkish cavalry, displaying all the pomp of the east. The guide exclaimed "El-Cods!" The Holy (Jerusalem)! and pushed his horse upon a full gallop." Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 140.

divinity of Jehovah, and the sublimity of the prophets!*

Between the valley of Jordan and the plains of Idumea, extends a chain of mountains, which commences in the rich fields of Gallilee, and loses itself among the sands of Yemen. In the centre of these mountains is a dry basin, inclosed by their yellow and rocky summits, and open only towards the east, where the Dead Sea and the distant mountains of Arabia meet the view. In the midst of this stony landscape, on unequal and sloping ground, surrounded by a wall which once shook under the strokes of the battering-ram, and which is somewhat fortified by a few crumbling towers, vast ruins are discovered;

* "I now felt the surprize, described by historians and travellers, of the crusaders and pilgrims upon their first beholding Jerusalem. I may assert with truth, that although a person may have had patience, like myself, to read near two hundred modern relations respecting the Holy Land, the compilations of the Rabbins, and the passages of the ancients upon Judæa, still will he have experienced nothing of this emotion. I remained with my eyes fixed upon Jerusalem, measuring the height of its walls, receiving at once into my mind all the recollections of history, from Abraham to Godfrey de Bouillon, meditating upon the whole world changed by the mission of the Son of Man, and seeking in vain for that temple, of which *not one stone remains upon another*. Were I to live a thousand years, never would I forget that desert which seemed as though it still breathed the grandeur of Jehovah, and the terrors of Death." Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 141.

scattered cypresses and thickets of aloes and cochineal plants, some Arabian huts, resembling white sepulchres, brood over this mass of ruins: it is the mournful Jerusalem.

At the first view of this desolate region, disappointment seizes upon the heart. But, when after passing from solitude to solitude, unbounded space stretches before you, by degrees the disappointment diminishes, the traveller feels a secret dread, which, far from depressing, invigorates his soul and elevates his genius. These extraordinary appearances display on every side a land fertile in miracles; the burning sun, the impetuous eagle, the humble hyssop, the lofty cedar, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Holy Writ are there. Each name contains a mystery, each grotto speaks to futurity, each summit re-echos with the accents of a prophet. Here, God himself has spoken: the exhausted channels, the rifted rocks, the open sepulchres attest the prodigy: the desert seems still mute with horror, and it might be said that it has not dared to break silence since it heard the voice of the Eternal.

The pious Helena had directed her steps to this sacred land: she was solicitous to preserve the tomb of Christ from the profanations of idolatry, and to inclose in magnificent edifices so many places consecrated by the words and the

sufferings of the son of the Eternal.* She summons to her assistance the Christians from every part of the world; they disembark in crowds upon the shores of Syria: with naked feet and eyes suffused with tears, they advance singing hymns of praise towards the mountain upon which the salvation of man was effected. To this sanctuary Dorotheus conducts the catechumen, whom the mother of Constantine is to instruct and protect.

The caravan enters at the gate of the castle, on whose ruins have since risen the Tower of the Pisans,† and the hospitable dwelling of the knights templars. It is soon rumoured that the first officer of the Emperor's palace has arrived with a catechumen more beautiful than Marian, and to all appearance equally unfortunate. Helena sends for Dorotheus. She trembles at the recital of the evils which threaten the church: she receives the spouse of the defender of the Chris-

* "Were we to give credit to the traditions of the country, we would ascribe to saint Helena the honour of having erected all the monuments of Palestine; a belief which would not coincide with the advanced age of that princess when she made her pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It is certain however, from the united testimony of Eusebius, of Jerome, and all the ecclesiastical historians, that Helena contributed very largely to the re-establishment of the Holy Places." Itinerary note, p. 131.

† "We entered Jerusalem by the Pilgrim's gate. Near this gate stands the tower of David, better known by the name of the tower of the Pisans." Itinerary, vol. ii, 142.

tians, with the dignity of an empress, the kindness of a mother, and the zeal of a saint.

"Esther," said she to her, "I am delighted to recognize in the lineaments of your face a young female whom I have often seen in my dreams, seated on the right hand of the divine Maria. You have never known a mother—I will supply her place. Thank God, my daughter, for having conducted you to the tomb of Jesus Christ. Here the most sublime truths of the faith seem to humble themselves that they may become intelligible to the most simple understandings."

At these affecting words, Cymodocea shed tears of tenderness and respect. As a vine which a violent tempest has torn from its supporting elm, its tender branches strew the ground; but if another prop is afforded, it embraces the succouring tree, and again presents its delicate foliage to the sun; so the daughter of Demodocus, separated from her father attaches herself closely to the mother of the friend of Eudorus.

In the meantime Helena despatches messengers to the seven churches of Asia, to inform them of the approaching persecution: she condescends in person to point out to the spouse of Eudorus and to Dorotheus the immense labours which were to restore the city of Solomon to its former splendour. The sacred grove of Venus, upon mount Calvary, had been cut down; the true

cross had been discovered.* A man, whom this miraculous cross had raised from his coffin, described the things of another life, in that Jerusalem which had been so often instructed by the dead in the secrets of the tomb.

At the foot of mount Zion, on whose summit stands the ruined monument of David, rises a hill forever celebrated under the name of Calvary. Near the foot of this sacred hill, Helena had inclosed the sepulchre of Jesus Christ within a circular chapel of marble and porphyry. Lighted through a dome of cedar placed in the centre of the church, and surrounded by a catafalco of white marble, the holy tomb serves as an altar in the most sublime solemnities.† An obscurity, fa-

* Socrates and Sozomen both assert that the glory of having discovered the true cross is due to Helena. She in fact, found three crosses, one of which proved itself, by various miracles, to be the cross of the Redeemer. See Introd. to Itin. p. 86.

† "The little marble monument which covers the Holy Sepulchre, has the form of a catafalco,* ornamented with arched windows, of a semi-gothic structure, sunk in its solid sides; it rises elegantly under the dome which enlightens it, but its appearance is spoiled by a clumsy chapel, which the Armenians were permitted to build at one of its extremities. In the interior of the catafalco appears a tomb of white marble, ex-

* Catafalco literally signifies a scaffold. It is used as a decoration of architecture, sculpture, or painting; or to exhibit a coffin in a funeral solemnity.

vourable to holy meditation, prevails in the sanctuary, in the galleries, and in the chapels of the edifice. Hymns are there heard at all hours, both of the day and of the night. None know from whence these concerts proceed; there is breathed the fragrance of incense, but the hand that burns it is unseen: the priest who celebrates the sublime mysteries, in the very place where they were accomplished, is alone perceived to pass through the shade, and penetrate into the recesses of the temple.*

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tremely simple, attached on one side to the wall of the monument, and serving as an altar to the religious catholics: this is the tomb of Jesus Christ." Itinerary, p. 232.

* "The church of the Holy Sepulchre forms three distinct churches: that of the Holy Sepulchre, that of Calvary, and that of the invention of the Holy Cross.

"What is properly called the church of the Holy Sepulchre is built in the valley of mount Calvary, and upon the spot where we know that Jesus Christ was buried. This church forms a cross; the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is in fact but the grand nave of the edifice: it is circular like the Pantheon at Rome, and is lighted only through a dome immediately over the Holy Sepulchre. Sixteen columns of marble ornament the periphery of the rotundo; composing seventeen arcades, they support an upper gallery, also composed of sixteen columns and of seventeen arcades, smaller than the columns and arcades below. Niches, corresponding to the arcades, arise above the frieze of the upper gallery; and the dome rests upon the arcs of these niches. These were formerly decorated with mosaics representing the twelve apos-

Cymodocea contemplated, in silence, these Christian wonders; a daughter of Greece, she admired the master pieces of art formed by the power of the faith, in the midst of the desert. The gates of the new edifice particularly attracted her attention. They were of bronze, and turned upon hinges of silver and gold. An anchorite on the shores of Jordan, animated by the inspiration of prophesy, had given the plan of these gates to two celebrated sculptors of Laodicea. There is represented the holy city in the possession of infidels, besieged by Christian heroes; they are known by the cross which sparkles on their dress. The garb and the arms of these heroes are foreign; but the Roman soldiers imagine that they

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tles, saint Helena, the Emperor Constantine, and three other portraits whose originals were unknown."

"It is in the right isle of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, behind the choir, that we discover the two stairs which lead, the one to the church of Calvary, the other to that of the discovery of the Holy Cross: the former ascends into the summit of Calvary; the latter descends into the mount itself: the cross was in fact erected upon mount Golgotha, and discovered in this mountain. Thus, to proceed, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is built at the foot of Calvary: its eastern part extends to the hill, in which and upon which have been built two churches, connected by walls and arched stairs to the principal monument."

See the history of this church in Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 232, et seq.—it exists no longer, having been entirely destroyed by fire since our author's visit to Palestine. See ib. p. 212.

discover some characteristics of the Franks and the Gauls among these warriors of future ages.* On their foreheads shine courage, a spirit of enterprize and adventure, united with a loftiness, a frankness, and an honour, of which even Ajax and Achilles were ignorant.† Here, the camp appears agitated at the sight of a bewitching female,‡ who seems to implore assistance from a company of young princes; there, the same en-

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* It was in the commencement of the eleventh century, that Europe first began to be inflamed by the enthusiasm of the croisades. It is said that if all those who assumed the cross, which was the badge of the crusaders, had fulfilled their vow, above *six millions* would have emigrated in the first crusade, from Europe to Asia. See Gibbon's Dec. and Fall, v. vii, p. 197, et seq.

† The first effective crusade was composed of the secondary princes of Europe, the barons, and such as were considered as possessing any consequence in the feudal system. Among these, and at their head, stood Godfrey de Bouillon; he was accompanied by his two brothers, Eustace and Baldwin; the duke of Lorraine and the barons of France, Germany and Lorraine, with their respective vassals. There were also Hugh, of Vermandois, Robert, duke of Normandy, Robert, count of Flanders, Stephen, count of Chartres, &c. There were also Raymond, count of Thoulouse, Adhemar, bishop of Guy and legate of the pope. Bohemond, the son of Robert Guiscard, his cousin Tancred, and several princes of the Roman race.

‡ Armida, who was sent to the Christian camp by her uncle Hidraotes, in order to seduce the princes from their allegiance. See Hoole's Jerusalem Delivered, lib. iv, passim.

chantress raises a hero* on the clouds, and transports him to delightful gardens;† farther on, an assembly of the spirits of darkness is convoked in the burning hall of hell: the hoarse sound of the trumpet of Tartarus summons the inhabitants of the eternal shades; the black caverns are shaken by the blast, and the noise rolls and reverberates through abyss after abyss.‡ With what tenderness did Cymo-

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* Rinaldo, who after having been enticed by Armida into an island, and lulled to sleep by a syren's song, was borne away by the enchantress in her chariot to her residence in a distant part of the world. Ib. lib. xiv, v. 421, et seq.

† See Armida's palace and gardens described: ib. lib. xvi, v. 120.

‡ "The trumpet now, with hoarse resounding breath,
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death:
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound;
The air re-echoes to the noise around!
Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,
When through the skies the rattling thunders roll;
Not greater tremors heave the labouring earth,
When vapours, pent within, contend for birth!
The gods of Hell the awful signal heard,
And, thronging round the lofty gates, appear'd
In various shapes, tremendous to the view!
What terror from their threatening eyes they threw!
Some, cloven feet with human faces wear,
And curling snakes compose their dreadful hair;
And from behind is seen, in circles cast,
A serpent's tail voluminous and vast!
A thousand Harpies foul and Centaurs here,
And Gorgons pale, and Sphinxes dire, appear;

docea contemplate a female dying in the armour of a warrior! The Christian who had pierced her bosom, weeping, conveys water in his casque, and bestows immortal life upon the beauty whom he had deprived of a fleeting day.* At length the holy city is attacked on every side, and the banner of the cross floats upon the walls of Jerusalem.† The divine artist has also represented, among

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Unnumber'd Scyllas barking rend the air;
Unnumber'd Pythons hiss, and Hydras glare!
Chimeras here are found ejecting flame,
Huge Polypheme, and Geryon's triple frame;
And many more of mingled kind were seen,
All monstrous forms, unknown to mortal men!"

Hoole's Tasso, lib. iv, v. 17.

Milton is thought to have borrowed many of his images, in his account of the fallen angels, from this part of Tasso.

* Clorinda, after having fought, at various times, with the most illustrious of the Christian warriors, many of whom she killed, at length engages in combat with Tancred, from whom she receives her mortal wound. When dying, she desires pardon from the knight, and that he would administer to her the rights of baptism. Tancred was violently enamoured of Clorinda, but knew not his adversary until, having brought some water in his casque, from a neighbouring stream, he raises her helmet to administer the sacred rite. He then discovers that he has destroyed the object of his love. See Hoole's Tasso, lib. xii, v. 485, et seq.

† The city of Jerusalem was first invested by the crusaders on the 7th of June, A. D. 1099, and was taken by storm after a siege of forty days continuance. For a lively description of this siege, see Hoole's Tasso, lib. xviii, v. 454 to the end of the book.

all these wonders, the poet by whom they are one day to be celebrated: he appears in the midst of the camp listening to the cry of religion, of honour, and of love; and filled with a noble enthusiasm, he inscribes his verses upon a buckler.

In the meanwhile, time, which continually rolls onwards, had brought round the eve of the mournful day, on which Jesus Christ expired upon the cross. Cymodocea, with a company of young virgins, attended Helena to the tomb of the Saviour. Night had reached the middle of her course; the Holy Sepulchre was filled with the Faithful, but a profound silence reigned in this hallowed place. The chandelier of seven branches shone before the altar; a few solitary lamps scarcely lighted the remaining parts of the edifice; all the images of the Martyrs and of the Angels were veiled: the sacrifice was suspended, and the host deposited in the holy tomb. Helena placed herself in the midst of the crowd: she had laid aside her diadem; she was unwilling to encircle her head with a crown of diamonds, in places where the Redeemer had worn a crown of thorns.*

* Such also was the conduct of the modest and noble-minded Godfrey. It was on the 23d day of July, A. D. 1099, eight days after the taking of the city, that the Latins proceeded to the election of a king: Godfrey, was by their unanimous voice declared the first and worthiest of the champions of Christendom. He accepted the important trust; but in a

The skill of Cymodocea in the art of singing was already known to her companions. They requested the daughter of Homer to chant the lamentations of Jeremiah. Encouraged by a look from Helena, Cymodocea approached to the foot of the altar: she was clothed in a robe of yellow byssus* tied by a silken girdle and embroidered with golden pomegranates, after the manner of the Jewish girls; her hair, her neck and her arms were loaded with crescents, fillets of five colours, bracelets, ear-rings and necklaces; such in the eyes of the Israelites, appeared Michal, the wife promised to David as the reward of his victory over the Philistines; as a palm-tree of Syria, whose top is ornamented by

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city where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns, he refused to assume the name and insignia of royalty, contenting himself with the humble title of *Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre.*

* Byssus is said to have been a species of very fine flax; though the ancients seem to have applied the name to any kind of matter that was spun and wove finer than wool. Naturalists are far from agreeing upon this point. Some say it is fine flax; others assert it to have been a mixture of linen and cotton; others again, that it was simple cotton. Forster has collected every thing that could be found upon the subject in his treatise *de Bysso Antiquorum,* (Lond. 1776, 8vo.) and inclines to think that it was a kind of vegetable flax, obtained from plants and trees in India, Arabia and Egypt, styled by the Barbarians *Gossipion,* and corresponding in some degree to the modern cotton.

its fruits connected together like beads of coral by bands of amber. Cymodocea raising her melodious voice, chants these lamentations:

"How is the city, once thronged by inhabitants, now a prey to solitude! How is the gold dimmed! How are the stones of the sanctuary scattered! The mother of nations is widowed! The queen of nations is subjected to tribute! The streets of Zion mourn; her gates are desolate; her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted. O tribe of Judah, thou hast been heated like an earthen vessel! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou hast seen in a moment the pride of thy towers laid low, and thine enemies fix their tents on the very spot where the righteous man weeping over thee, predicted thy ruin."

Thus sings Cymodocea to a pathetic air, transmitted to the Christians through the religion of the Hebrews. The brazen trumpets from time to time mingle their sounds with the lamentations of Jeremiah. What eloquence is there in these lessons, repeated upon the ruins of Jerusalem, near the remains of the temple of which scarcely one stone is seen upon another, and upon the eve of a persecution! The tremulous voice of a young girl, separated from her father, and alarmed for the safety of her husband, adds a charm to these songs. The prayers continue till break of

day: they then prepare for the solemn procession, which is to pass along the Dolorous Way.*

The true Cross, supported by four bishops, confessors and martyrs, was carried at the head of the procession. Extended in two files, a numerous clergy, dressed in mourning habits, followed in silence the symbol of man's redemption. Then came the choir of virgins and widows, the catechumens, about to enter into the bosom of the church, and sinners, desirous to be reconciled to Christ. The bishop of Jerusalem, with uncovered head, a chord about his neck as a sign of expiation, and Helena, leaning on the wife of the defender of the Christians, closed the procession. An innumerable crowd of the Faithful, the orphan, the blind and the lame, full of hope, accompanied that Cross which heals the infirm and consoles the afflicted.

Leaving the gate of Bethlehem, and turning to the east, along the fishpool of Bethesda, they descend by the well of Nephi to the fountain of Siloam. The appearance of the valley of Jehoshaphat filled with tombs, of that valley where

* The Dolorous Way, *Via Dolorosa*, is so called on account of its having been the road pursued by our Saviour in passing from the house of Pilate to mount Calvary. It is about a mile long, and the scene of each memorable event which occurred upon this road, is still pointed out to the delighted pilgrim.

the trumpet of the Angel of judgment will one day assemble the dead, excites a holy fear in the souls of the Faithful.* The religious procession

* "We advanced to the eastern angle of the wall of the city and entered into the valley of Jehoshaphat. It extends from north to south, between Mount Moriah and the Mount of Olives. Through this valley runs the brook Cedron, which is dry during the principal part of the year, and in storms and rainy springs, appears of a reddish hue.

"The valley of Jehoshaphat is also called in Scripture the valley of Shaveh, the valley of the king, the valley of Melchisidec. It was in the valley of Melchisidec that the king of Sodom sought Abraham, to congratulate him upon his victory over the five confederate kings. Moloch and Belphegor were adored in this same valley. It took afterwards the name of Jehoshaphat, because it was in this valley that king Jehoshaphat erected his tomb. The valley of Jehoshaphat seems ever to have served as the cemetery of Jerusalem: we find in it monuments of the earliest ages and of the most modern times: here the Jews from all parts of the world repair to die; a stranger sells to them at an extravagant price a little earth to cover their body in the field of their forefathers. The cedars which Solomon planted in this valley, the shade of the Temple with which it was covered, the torrent which passes through it, the songs of mourning which David composed in it, the Lamentations with which Jeremiah caused it to resound, render it a proper place for the gloominess and tranquillity of the tomb. In commencing his Passion in this solitary scene, Jesus Christ consecrated it anew to sorrow: this innocent David here shed, to efface our crimes, tears which the guilty David also shed to expiate his own errors. There are few names which awaken in the imagination thoughts at once so tender and so terrible as that of the valley of Jehoshaphat: a valley so full of mystery, that, according to the prophet

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passes along the foot of mount Moriah, and crosses the brook Cedron, which rolls along its red and turbid waves :* it leaves the sepulchres of Je-

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Joel, all men are one day to appear in this valley before the redoubtable judge. *Congregabo omnes gentes, et deducam eas in vallem Josaphat, et disceptabo cum eis ibi.* (chap. iii, v. 2.) "It is reasonable, says father Nau, "that the honour of Jesus "Christ be publicly satisfied in the place where it was vio-"lated by so much opprobrium and ignominy; and that he "judge justly the men by whom he was so unjustly judged."

"The aspect of the valley of Jehoshaphat is desolate: the western barrier is a high and chalky steep which supports the Gothic walls of the city, above which is seen Jerusalem; the eastern barrier is formed by mount Olivet and the mount of Scandal, *mons Offensionis*, so called from the idolatry of Solomon. These two mountains, which touch each other, are almost naked and of a dark red aspect: upon their steril skirts are here and there perceived a few black and scorched vines, some thickets of wild olives, fallows covered with hyssop, chapels, oratories and mosques in ruins. At the bottom of the valley is a bridge of a single arch, thrown over the ravine of the brook Cedron. Three ancient monuments, the tombs of Zachariah, of Jehoshaphat and of Absalom, appear conspicuous in this plain of desolation. From the sadness of Jerusalem from which no smoke rises, from which no sound proceeds; from the solitude of the mountains, where not a living creature meets the eye; from the disorder of all these fractured and half-open tombs, it would seem as if the trumpet of Judgment had already sounded, as if the dead had already risen in the valley of Jehoshaphat." Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 256. The translator trusts that the interesting character of this note will furnish an ample apology for its length.

* Cedron is derived from a Hebrew word signifying *black-*

hoshaphat and Absalom on the right, and stops to pray in the garden of Olives, on the very spot which the Son of Man bathed with a bloody sweat. At each station, a priest explains to the people, either the miracle, the words, or the action which this holy place had witnessed. The gate of Palms opens, and the procession enters Jerusalem. Crossing heaps of rubbish, it approaches the ruins of the prætorian palace, near the enclosure of the Temple: here begins the road to Calvary. The priest who is to address the multitude, is prevented by his tears from reading the holy Scriptures; his faltering voice is scarcely heard:

"My brethren," he says, "there rose the prison in which he was crowned with thorns! From that ruined portico, Pilate shewed him to the Jews, exclaiming "Behold the man."*

At these words, the Christians sob aloud. They

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ness, and the brook which bears this name was probably so called from the circumstance of its waters being discoloured by the blood of the sacrifices which naturally descended into it. It runs through the middle of the valley of Jehoshaphat.

* "Pilate's house is a ruin, from which is seen the vast scite of the Temple of Solomon, and the mosque which now occupies its place.

"Jesus Christ having been beaten with rods, crowned with thorns, and covered with a purple robe, was presented by Pilate to the Jews: *Ecce Homo*, exclaimed the judge; and the window may still be seen from which he pronounced these memorable words." Itin. v. ii, p. 240.

proceed towards Calvary: the priest again describes the Dolorous Way.

"There was the mansion of the rich man: there Jesus Christ fell under the weight of his Cross; further on the God-man said to the women, "Weep not for me; but for yourselves and your children."

They arrive at the summit of Calvary, they there fix the sign of the salvation of man: in a moment, the sun is obscured by darkness, the earth trembles, the veil of the new temple is rent. Immortal witnesses of the passion of the Saviour, ye assemble around the true Cross: descending from heaven are seen Maria the mother of compassion, the repentant Magdalen, Peter, who wept his guilt, John who abandoned not his master, the powerful Spirit who presented the bitter cup to the Redeemer, and the Angel of death still horror-struck at the blow which he inflicted upon the Son of the Eternal.

Far different was the day of triumph which followed this day of mourning! The images of the saints are unveiled, the new fire is blessed on the altar: and the old Hallelujah of Jacob shakes the arches of the church.

"Oh sons, oh daughters of Zion, the king of Heaven, the king of glory is about to issue from the tomb! Who is that Angel, clothed in white, who sits at the entrance of the Sepulchre? Apostles, hasten! But blessed are those who shall believe without having seen!"

The people repeat in chorus this hymn of thanksgiving and praise.

But nothing equals the felicity of the catechumens, who, on this solemn day, pass into the rank of the elect. All, dressed in white and crowned with flowers, receive upon their foreheads the pure water which restores them to primitive innocence. Cymodocea contemplates with envy the happiness of these new Christians; but the daughter of Homer is not yet sufficiently instructed in the truths of the faith. She was, however, near the blessed hour of her baptism; one last proof alone was necessary to entitle her to the happiness of participating in the religion of her husband.

But while she considered herself, in the protection of Helena, secure from every danger, the centurion who had been despatched in pursuit of the fugitive dove approached Jerusalem. The Haruspex, who was to consult the Cumæan Sibyl respecting the fate of the Christians, had left Rome; he was accompanied by a minion of Hierocles, secretly commanded, in the name of Galerius, to obtain a favourable response; and as soon as the priestess had pronounced the fatal decree, the minister of the pro-consul had orders to embark for Syria, to seize Cymodocea in the Holy City, and to reclaim this new Virginia, at the tribunal

of a new Appius, as a Christian slave escaped from her master.*

The Prince of darkness, prosecuting his machinations, flies from Rome to Cumæ, to inspire the Sibyl with a lying response which should occasion the destruction of the Christians. He discovers with pleasure the lake of Avernus, surrounded by a gloomy forest. It is through a chasm in the neighbourhood of this place, that the Dæmons often issue from the bosom of the shades: from the bottom of this pestilential aperture, they delight to diffuse among the people a thousand mysterious fables respecting those vast abodes of night and silence. But these criminal

* Appius Claudius, one of the Roman Decemviri, becoming enamoured of Virginia, the daughter of the centurion L. Virginius, attempted to get her into his possession by the following stratagem. He directed one of his minions to claim Virginia as his slave, and bring her to his tribunal as if to try the claim. This was accordingly done; and Appius pronounced the sentence, and delivered her into the hands of his creature, who was leading her off, when Virginius, having been informed of the designs of the decemvir, arrived from the camp. He demanded to see his daughter, which being granted, he seized a knife and plunged it into Virginia's breast, exclaiming: *This is all I can give thee, my dearest daughter, to preserve thee from the lust and violence of a tyrant.* He then ran with the bloody knife to the camp, inflamed the soldiers, who immediately marched to Rome. Appius was seized, and destroyed himself in prison. This event produced the abolition of the decemviral power, about B. C. 449.

Angels drag with them the secret of their woes: for they leave along the road to their empire, remorse lying upon a bed of iron, discord with snaky hair, tied with bloody bands, vain dreams suspended on the branches of an ancient elm, pain, disappointment, dismay, death and the criminal pleasures of the heart.

The Eternal, who saw Satan approach towards the cave of the Sibyl, opposes the complete accomplishment of the projects of Hell. If God, in his profound wisdom, suffers his church to be persecuted, he will not permit the Dæmons to ascribe to themselves the criminal glory of having occasioned it; indeed, while chastising the Christians, he intends to humble the rebellious spirits. He determines that the false oracles shall be silenced, and that the idols, confessing themselves vanquished, shall acknowledge the triumph of the Cross.

An Angel, charged with the commands of the Most High, descends upon the hill where Dædalus, after having cut the skies, consecrated his wings to the genius of intelligence and of arts.*

* Dædalus, the great grand-son of Erechtheus, king of Athens, is celebrated as having been one of the most distinguished artists of Greece. He has the honour of being considered the inventor of the axe, the saw, the plummet, the augre, glue, as also of masts, sails, &c. He is said to have constructed statues with such skill that they would fly from place to place as if alive. He was so jealous of Talus, his ne-

The celestial messenger penetrates into the temple of the Sibyl. The Haruspex, despatched by Dioclesian, was at this moment offering a sacrifice. Four bulls are slain in honour of Hecate; a black sheep is immolated to Night, the mother of the Furies; the fire is lighted upon the altars of Pluto; whole victims are thrown into the flame, and floods of oil inundate their burning entrails. Chaos, Styx, Phlegethon, the Destinies, the Furies, infernal deities, are invoked: to them the Christians are devoted. Scarcely is the detestable sacrifice consumed, before the Sibyl, with sudden inspiration, exclaims:

"It is time to consult the oracle. The God! Behold the God!"

Whilst she speaks at the entrance of the sanctu-

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phew, who was the inventor of the compasses, the turning lathe, and other mechanical instruments, that he procured his death, in consequence of which he was obliged to fly, with his son Icarus, to Crete. Here, he constructed the famous labyrinth of Gnossus; but incurring the resentment of Minos, by the assistance which he afforded to his wife Pasiphae in her amours, he was confined with his son in the labyrinth; finding no other way of escape, he is said to have made wings for himself and Icarus, by the aid of which they left Crete. Dædalus arrived safe in Sicily, but Icarus, soaring too high, the wax of his wings dissolved, and he fell into the sea which bears his name. Dædalus alighted at Cumæ, where he erected a temple to Apollo. Ovid Met. viii, 3. Heroid, iv. De Art. Am. ii. Virg. Æn. lib. vi, v. 14, &c.

ary, Satan takes possession of the priestess of the idols. The features of the Sibyl alter, her countenance changes colour, her hair rises, her breast heaves, her stature swells, her voice is no longer mortal. Seated upon the tripod, she struggles with the inspiration of the Prince of darkness.

" Powerful Apollo," cries the Haruspex, " God of Smintheus and of Delos, thou whom Fate has chosen to unveil the future to mortals, deign to declare the destiny of the Christians! Shall the pious emperor exterminate from the earth the sacrilegious enemies of the gods?"

At these words, the priestess rises three times with violence: three times a supernatural force reseats her upon the tripod: the hundred gates of the sanctuary open to permit the prophetic words to pass. Oh! wonderful! the Sibyl remains mute! Harrassed by the Dæmon, she in vain attempts to break her silence; she produces nought but confused and inarticulate sounds. The Angel of the Lord stands unveiled before her eyes: with open mouth, wild looks, and dishevelled hair, she points towards him with her hand; the spectators behold not the celestial apparition, but they are seized with terror and dismay. Subdued by the spirit of the abyss, and making a last effort, the Sibyl would fain utter the decree for the proscription of the Christians, but pronounces these words:

" The just who are upon the earth prevent me from speaking."

Satan, vanquished by this oracle, departs rankling with shame and vexation, but without losing his hopes or abandoning his projects. That which he could not of himself effect, he will accomplish by the passions of men. The Haruspex confides the response of the gods to a Numidian horseman, fleeter than the winds; Dioclesian receives it, the council convenes.

"These pretended just men," cried Galerius, "are the Christians. The oracle ironically designates them by the name which they have conferred upon themselves. The Christians, then, Oh Augustus, silence the voice of heaven! So much are these monsters abhorred by both gods and men!"

Dioclesian, secretly disturbed by the old serpent, is struck with the explanation of Hierocles. He perceives not that the import of the response is favourable to the Christians. Wisdom is annihilated by superstition; he fears to countenance men devoted to the Furies. Nevertheless he still hesitates. Presently a rumour spreads throughout the council, that the Christians had fired the palace. Galerius, by the advice of Hierocles, had prepared this conflagration, in order to triumph over the irresolution of the emperor.* Cæsar, affecting an air of terror, exclaims:

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* Lactantius assures us, that Galerius caused fire to be

" This is indeed a time to deliberate, when these accursed wretches would cause you to perish in the midst of the flames!

At these words, the whole council, either seduced or deceived, demanded the death of the impious, and the emperor, himself affrighted, orders the edict of persecution to be promulgated.

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privately set to the palace, that he might lay the blame of it upon the Christians, and by that means incense Dioclesian still more against them—in which horrid stratagem he succeeded, for never was any persecution so bloody and inhuman as that which this credulous emperor now set on foot against them. Maclaine's note on Mosheim, vol. i, p. 316.

THE ARGUMENT.

Joy of the Dæmons. Galerius instigated by Hierocles, forces Diocletian to abdicate the throne. Preparations of the Christians for martyrdom. Constantine, assisted by Eudorus, escapes from Rome and flies to Constantius. Eudorus is thrown into the dungeons. Hierocles, prime minister of Galerius. General persecution. The Dæmon of tyranny carries to Jerusalem the tidings of the persecution. The centurion despatched by Hierocles, sets fire to the holy places. Dorotheus saves Cymodocea. Encounters Jerome in the grotto of Bethlehem.

BOOK XVIII.

SINCE the day when Satan saw the first woman taste the fruit of death, he had not experienced such joy.

"Hell," cried he, "open your abysses to receive the souls of which Christ has despoiled you. Christ is vanquished, his empire is destroyed, and man is beyond redemption mine!"

So spake the prince of darkness: his voice penetrates into the gulf of woe. The damned imagined that they heard the fatal sentence again pronounced; and uttered fearful cries in the midst of the flames. The Dæmons which remained at the bottom of eternal night, rushed upon the earth. The air was darkened by the swarm of impure spirits. The Cherub, who winged his flight towards the sun, recoiled with horror, and covered his face with a bloody cloud; the voice of lamentation issued from the bosom of the forests; the idols upon the altars of the false gods, smiled horribly; the wicked in every part of the world felt at the same moment a new attraction towards evil, and meditated plans of revolutions.

Hierocles, particularly, was hurried along by

an irresistible ardour; he wished to complete his work. While Dioclesian still reigned, the apostate could not enjoy absolute authority. The sophist seized the favourable moment, and addressing himself to Galerius, whose passions he well knew, he said:

"Prince, if you wish to reign, you have not a moment to lose. Augustus is now deprived of the support of the Christians. In the extermination of this factious sect, you will be exempt from the odium which a measure of severity often occasions, as the edict is published in the name of the emperor. Dioclesian is terrified at the resolution he has adopted; profit by this moment of fear; represent to the old man, that it is time he should taste the sweets of repose, and commit to a more youthful hero the charge of executing that decree on which depends the safety of the empire. You will name the Cæsars of your choice; you will cause wisdom to reign: the present age will owe to you its happiness, and ages yet to come will resound with your virtues."

Galerius approves the zeal of Hierocles: he calls this base counsellor his worthy friend, his faithful minister. All the minions of Cæsar applaud the advice of the sophist; even Publius, who, a competitor for the favour which the apostate enjoys, desires nothing so much as an opportunity to destroy him; but like a skilful courtier, he is careful how he opposes a man who flatters the

ambition of Galerius. Being prefect of Rome, he undertakes to gain the prætorian bands and the legions encamped upon the field of Mars.

Galerius goes to the palace of the Thermæ. Diocletian had shut himself up alone in the most retired part of this spacious building. At the moment when the emperor pronounced his decree against the Christian, God had pronounced his decree against the emperor: his reign had terminated with his justice. Wrung by remorse and fear, Augustus perceived that he was abandoned of heaven, and bitter reflections took possession of his soul. Galerius is announced. Diocletian salutes him by the name of Cæsar.

"Always Cæsar," exclaims the prince with vehemence! "Shall I never be any thing but Cæsar?"*

In the meantime he shut the doors, and addresses the emperor:

"Augustus, your decree was no sooner affixed to the column, than the Christians had the insolence to tear it down.† I foresee that this impi-

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* See note, vol. i, p. 119, supra.

† This was really the case. No sooner was the edict of persecution exhibited to public view, in the most conspicuous places in Nicomedia, than it was followed by an immediate martyrdom: a bold Christian not only tore it down from the place where it was affixed, but execrated the name of the emperor for his injustice and cruelty, expressing at once his contempt and his abhorrence of such tyrannical governors.

ous race will occasion much disquietude to your old age; suffer me to punish your enemies, and transfer to me the burden of empire; your age, your infirmities, your uncertain health, all direct you to repose."

Dioclesian, without appearing surprized, replied:

"It is thou who createst the unhappiness of my old age: but for thee, I should have left the empire in tranquillity. Shall I, after twenty years of glory, go to languish in obscurity?"

"Well," exclaimed Galerius in a rage, "if you will not renounce the empire, it remains for me to consult my own inclination. During fifteen years did I combat the Barbarians on the savage frontiers, while the other Cæsars reigned in peac over fertile provinces; I am wearied of the lowest rank."

"Dost thou recollect," answered the aged emperor, "that thou art in my palace? Keeper of herds, all powerless as I am, I am still able to remand thee to thy former insignificance: but I have too much experience to be surprized at in-

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For this act of bravery, or, as they considered it, "of contumacy, he was burnt, or rather roasted by a slow fire; but his executioners were unable, by this refinement of cruelty, to subdue his patience or to make him alter the steady and insulting smile, which in his dying agonies, he still exhibited in his countenance." See Fox's Mart. ed. Milner, p. 70. Gibbon's Decline, &c. vol. ii, p. 199.

gratitude, and I am too much disgusted with governing men, to dispute with thee this unenviable honour. Unfortunate Galerius! dost thou know what thou askest? For twenty years, during which I have held the reins of empire, one tranquil sleep has not closed my eyes; I have seen around me nothing but baseness, intrigues, falsehood and treason; I shall carry with me from the throne nothing but a conviction of the emptiness of grandeur, and a profound contempt for the human race."

"I know," said Galerius, "how to shelter myself from intrigues, from baseness, from falsehood and treason; I will re-establish the repositories of corn, which you have imprudently suppressed; I will give festivals to the multitude; and, master of the world, I will leave, by brilliant actions, an exalted opinion of my grandeur."

"So," replied Dioclesian contemptuously, "thou wouldst fain cause the Roman people to laugh?"

"Yes," exclaimed the savage Cæsar, "and if the Roman people will not laugh, I will make them weep! They shall either advance my glory or die. It is a matter of little moment to me that I am hated, if I am but feared: I will inspire terror to preserve myself from contempt."

"The means are not so certain as you imagine," replied Dioclesian. "If humanity does not restrain you, let a regard for your own safety influence your conduct; a violent reign cannot be

lasting. I do not pretend to say that you are exposed to a sudden fall; but there is in the very principles of human action, a certain degree of iniquity at which nature herself revolts. Whatever be the cause, the elements of this evil often disappear. Of all the wicked princes, Tiberius alone continued for a long time at the helm of state: but Tiberius was not violent in the latter years of his life."

"All these speeches are useless," cried Galerius, losing his patience; "I do not ask for lessons, but the empire. You say that the sovereign power has no longer any attraction in your eyes: permit it then to pass into the hands of your son-in-law!"

"That title," replied Dioclesian, "cannot advance your purpose with me. Have you afforded happiness to my daughter? A traitor to her affection, a persecutor of the religion which she loves, you perhaps wait but for my retirement to banish Valeria to some desert shore. It is thus that you repay my kindness! But I shall be revenged; I will transfer to you that power which you would wrest from me when on the borders of the grave. I do not yield to your menaces, but I obey a voice from heaven, which tells me that the days of my greatness are gone. I confer upon you this shred of purple, which to me is but a winding sheet, and with it I present you with all the anxieties which surround a throne. Gov

ern a world which destroys itself—where a thousand principles of death spring up on every side: amend corrupt manners, reconcile conflicting religions, banish a spirit of sophistry which preys upon the very vitals of society; drive back to their forests the Barbarians, who, sooner or later, will devour the Roman empire. I go: from my garden of Salona I shall behold you becoming the execration of the universe. You yourself, an ungrateful son, shall not die without being the victim of your son's ingratitude. Reign then; hasten the destruction of that state, whose fall I have for some time retarded. You are of the race of those princes who appear upon the earth at the epocha of great revolutions, when families and kingdoms are annihilated by the will of the gods."

Thus was the fate of the empire decided in the palace of Dioclesian: the Christians deliberated among themselves respecting the troubles of the church. Eudorus was the soul of all their councils. The edict, proclaimed by the sound of the trumpet, ordered the holy books to be burned, and the churches to be razed; it declared the Christians infamous; it deprived them of the rights of citizenship; it prohibited the magistrates from hearing their complaints of insult, of theft, of rape, of adultery; it authorized every description of persons to denounce them; it subjected

to torture and condemned to death whoever refused to sacrifice to the gods.*

* It was on the 23d of February, A. D. 303, that this persecution commenced by the demolition of the church of Nicomedia: the following day was that of the publication of the edict; it was thereby enacted, that the churches of the Christians, in all the provinces of the empire, should be razed to their foundations; and the punishment of death was denounced against all who should presume to hold any secret assemblies for the purpose of religious worship. Their sacred books were ordered to be publicly burnt; the property of the church was confiscated: and in order to induce individuals, who were found to be obstinate in their attachment to the Christian profession to abandon it, and to prevent others from rejecting the religion of nature, of Rome, and of their ancestors, violent measures of various kinds were pursued. Persons of liberal birth were declared incapable of holding any honours or employments; slaves were forever deprived of the hopes of freedom, and the whole body of the people were put out of the protection of the law. The judges were authorized to hear and to determine every action that was brought against the Christians; but the Christians were not permitted to complain of any injury which they themselves had suffered, and thus were exposed to the severity, whilst they were excluded from the benefits of public justice. See Decline, &c. v. ii, p. 198.

"The particulars," (of this persecution) says Bernard, "it is not for this place to recount. Suffice it to say, that it was the most unmerciful, inhumane, dire, outrageous scene of barbarity, that ever the sun beheld; and spilt more blood, in a manner that was to the last degree base and dishonourable to the actors, but glorious to the sufferers, than had been spilt before in a thousand wars." "In Egypt alone, 140,000 were martyred, and 700,000 banished. Bernard's lives of the Emperor's, vol. ii, p. 347.

This sanguinary edict, dictated by Hierocles, gave unrestrained license to the crimes of the disciple of the sages, and menaced the Christians with complete destruction. Each one prepared, according to his disposition, for flight or resistance.

Those who feared to sink under torments, exiled themselves among the Barbarians; many retired to woods and desert places: the Faithful were seen embracing in the streets, and bidding each other an affectionate farewell, while they congratulated each other upon being about to suffer for the sake of Jesus Christ. Those venerable confessors who had survived the fury of former persecutions, mixed with the crowd, to encourage the weakness, or to moderate the ardour of their zeal. Women, young men, children, surround the old men, who recalled the examples afforded by the most eminent martyrs: Laurentius* of the

* Laurentius, commonly called St. Laurence, was one of the chief deacons of Rome. He taught and preached under the martyr Sextus, who predicted to St. Laurence at the time of his execution, that he should meet him in heaven three days thereafter. Laurentius considering this as a certain indication of his own approaching fate, collected all the poor of the church, and distributed among them the sacred treasures, of which he was guardian, thinking they could not be better disposed of, or less liable to fall into the hands of the heathen. Alarmed at this conduct, the emperor summoned him to give an immediate account of the treasures of the church. Laurentius promised obedience, but requested three days

Roman church, who was placed upon burning coals; Vincent* of Saragossa, who conversed

for preparation; during which, he with great diligence collected a great number of aged, helpless and impotent, and presenting them to the emperor, he said: "Behold the real treasures of the church."

Irritated by the disappointment, the emperor ordered him to be scourged. He was then beaten with rods, set upon a wooden horse, and had his limbs dislocated. His fortitude under these tortures was so great, that his persecutors were directed to fasten him upon a large gridiron, over a slow fire. But his astonishing constancy during these trials, and his serenity of countenance while undergoing such excruciating torments, gave the spectators such an exalted idea of the Christian religion, that many immediately became converts. When nature could sustain no more, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and with holy composure, yielded his spirit to the Almighty. This event took place during the eighth persecution, A. D. 258. Fox's Mart. p. 61. Cave, p. 338.

* Vincent was a Spanish Christian of Saragossa, and a deacon of the church. When the persecution reached Spain, Valerius the bishop and Vincent the deacon were seized, put in irons, and imprisoned. Upon their examination before Dacian, the governor of Tarragona, Vincent undertook to speak both for himself and his companion, which he did with so much freedom and boldness, that Dacian declared he should be instantly sacrificed unless he burnt incense to the gods. Continuing firm in their conduct, Valerius was banished, and Vincent put to the torture; he was racked, his limbs were dislocated, his flesh torn with iron hooks, and he was laid upon the upright pointed spikes of a gridiron, over a slow fire. Surviving all these torments, and still adhering firmly to his principles, he was remanded to prison, and confined in a dark dungeon strewed with sharp flints and bits of glass. "Orders were also given not to suffer him to have any pro-

while in prison with angels: Eulalia* of Merida, Pelasgius of Antioch, whose mother and sister were drowned while locked in each others arms; Felicitas and Perpetua† who fought in the amphitheatre of Carthage; Theodosia and the seven virgins of Ancyra; the youthful pair who were

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visions whatever, and that the news of his death should be carried instantly to Dacian. When the keepers thought him starved, they entered the dungeon, but instead of finding him a corpse, as they expected, they beheld him at prayers, his wounds healed, and his body in tolerable health."

This speedy recovery and preservation had such an effect upon his keepers as to produce their conversion. But Dacian was only the more enraged, and directed new tortures to be prepared for the undaunted Vincent, of a severer nature than any he had yet suffered. But his malice was again disappointed, for before the instruments were ready, God took him to himself, and he died with all the serenity of a good conscience and as if only sinking into a gentle sleep. Fox, p. 78.

* Eulalia, a Spanish lady, remarkable in her youth for the sweetness of her temper and the solidity of her understanding, was apprehended as a Christian. The magistrate attempted at first by the mildest means to induce her to recognize the religion of the Pagans, but she answered him in so ironical a manner, and ridiculed the Pagan deities with so much asperity, that she was sentenced to the torture. She accordingly underwent the most excruciating torments, and at length expired in the flames. Ibid. 78.

† Felicitas and Perpetua were two African ladies who were exposed, with Satur, Saturnulus and Secundulus, to wild beasts in the amphitheatre of Carthage. Their story is uncommonly interesting, but too long to insert in this place. See Fox's Mart. p. 50.

buried in different tombs, and were found united in the same coffin. Thus spake the old men; the bishops concealed the Holy Books: the priests inclosed the viaticum in boxes with a double bottom; they opened the most solitary and retired catacombs as a substitute for the churches of which they were to be deprived; they appointed deacons who were to disguise themselves for the purpose of carrying assistance to the martyrs in mines and in the prisons; they provided linen and balm, as on the eve of a bloody combat: they paid their debts; they became reconciled to their enemies. All these things were done without noise, without ostentation, without tumult; the Church prepared to suffer with composure; like the daughter of Jeptha, who asked from her father but one moment to lament her immolation on the mountain.

The Christian soldiers who were dispersed throughout the legions apprized Eudorus, that a new conspiracy was ready to burst forth; that bribes had been given in the name of Galerius to the army; that the troops were to assemble the next morning in the Campus Martius, and that a rumour was abroad that the emperor had abdicated the throne.

The son of Lasthenes makes more particular inquiry: he then flies to Tibur* the usual abode

* Tibur was an ancient town of the Sabines about twenty

of Constantine. This prince inhabited a little retreat, far from the intrigues of the court, below the falls of the Anio, near the temples of Vesta and the Sibyl. The desolate mansions of Horace and Propertius appeared upon the bank of the river, among woods of olive-trees, now become wild. The smiling Tiber, which so often inspired the Latin Muse, presented nothing but monuments of departed pleasure, and tombs of every age. In vain is the search, on the hills of Lucretilus, for the remembrance of that voluptuous poet who circumscribed within narrow limits his long extended hopes,* and consecrated wine and flowers to the Genius who recals the brevity of our lives.

In the dead of the night, the arrival of Eudorus is announced to Constantine; the prince rises, grasps the hand of his friend, and conducts him to a terrace, which, winding along the base of the temple of Vesta, overlooks the falls of the Anio. The sky is covered with clouds, profound darkness reigns around; the wind sighs through the columns of the temple; a mournful voice is

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miles north of Rome. It was watered by the Anio, and is celebrated as having been the usual residence of Horace.

* Puræ rivus aquæ, silvaque jugerum
Paucorum, et segetis certa fides meæ,
Fulgentum imperio fertilis Africæ
Fallit, sorte beatior.

Horace, Carmen xvi.

heard in the air; they think that they distinguish at intervals the bellowing of the Sibyl's cave, or the funeral service which the Christians chant for the dead.

"Son of Cæsar," said Eudorus, "not only are the Christians to be massacred, but Diocletian transfers the sceptre to Galerius. To-morrow, in the Campus Martius, in the presence of the legions, will this grand scene be displayed. You will not be invited to a participation of the imperial power; your crimes are, your own glory, that of your father, and your partiality for a divine religion. The herdsman Daza, son of the sister of Galerius, and Severus, the soldier, are the Cæsars intended for the Roman people. Diocletian wished to nominate you, but you was rejected with furious menaces. Prince, beloved hope of the church and of the world, we must yield to this tempest. Galerius fears you, and wishes your death. To-morrow, as soon as your fate is known, fly towards your father; every thing shall be prepared for your departure. Be careful, at each post at which you stop, to mutilate the horses left behind, that pursuit may be impracticable.* Await near Constantius, the moment to save the Chris-

* Zosimus states (lib. ii, p. 78,) that Constantine did in fact during this flight, cause all the horses he had used to be hamstrung. But the story is rejected by the best writers as unworthy of credit.

tians of the empire; and when that time shall have arrived, those Gauls who have been already seen in the vicinity of the capitol, will open the way."

Constantine, for a moment, remained silent: a thousand tumultuous thoughts agitated his mind. Indignant at the outrages intended against him, animated by the hope of avenging the blood of the just, perhaps influenced by the splendour of a throne, always tempting to great minds, he could not resolve on flight; his respect, his gratitude towards Dioclesian alone repressed his ardour; the recent abdication of this prince, had burst all the ties which restrained the son of Constantius; he would excite a revolt among the legions in the Campus Martius; he breathed nothing but vengeance and combats; so in the deserts of Arabia, appears a courser tied in the midst of the burning sands; to obtain a little shade from the heat of the sun, he hides his head between his nimble legs; his mane hangs dishevelled; with his fierce eye he casts a side glance at his master: but his feet are confined by fetters; he foams, he rages, he devours the earth; the trumpet sounds, he cries,—"Away."*

* I cannot refrain from inserting in this place the account, given by our author in his Itinerary, of the treatment which the fine horses of Arabia meet with from their masters.

"The mares are treated, with greater or less distinction,

Eudorus calms the warlike transports of Constantine.

" The legions are bought," said he, " all your steps are watched, and you would attempt an enterprize which would plunge the empire into incalculable misery. Son of Constantius, you will one day rule the world, and mankind will be indebted for their happiness to you. But God still retains your crown in his hands; and he wishes to prove the church."

" Well," replied the young prince impetuously, " you shall accompany me among the Gauls, and we will march together to Rome, at the head of those soldiers who have so often witnessed your valour."

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according to the nobleness of their pedigree, but always with extreme rigour. The Arabians never place their horses in the shade: they expose them to all the ardours of the sun, attached by their four feet to stakes in the earth, so as to render them absolutely incapable of motion; they never remove the saddle: they often drink but once and eat nothing but a little barley during four and twenty hours. Such severe treatment, far from causing them to pine away, makes them steady, patient and fleet. I have often admired an Arabian horse bound in this manner in the burning sand, his main falling in disorder, his head couched between his legs to find a little shade, and casting with his savage eye an oblique glance upon his master. Have you released his feet from the fetters? Are you mounted upon his back? *He foams, he rages, he devours the earth; the trumpet sounds, he says:* Away! And you recognize the horse of Job. *Fervens et fremens sorbet terram; ubi audierit buccinam, dicit vah!*" (Chap. 39, 24.) Itin. vol. ii, p. 203.

"Prince," returned Eudorus with a tremulous voice," our obligations are not the same; you owe yourself to earth for the sake of heaven; I owe myself to heaven for the sake of earth. Your duty is to depart; mine to remain. The jealousy with which I have inspired Hierocles, has without doubt hastened the fate of the Christians: my fortunes, my counsels, my life belong to them: I must not desert the field of battle to which I have invited the enemy; besides, my spouse and her father require my presence in the east. In a word, if an example of firmness be necessary for my brethren, God will perhaps confer on me the virtues which I need."

At this moment a supernatural flame enlightened the borders of the Anio, the tomb of Symphorosa and the seven infant martyrs.*

"Behold," cried Eudorus, directing the attention of Constantine to this sacred monument—

* Symphorosa, a widow, and her seven sons were commanded by the emperor Trajan to sacrifice to the heathen gods. Refusing to comply, the emperor told her in a rage that for her obstinacy she and her seven sons should all be slain. She was accordingly carried to the temple of Hercules where she was scourged, and hung up for some time by the hair of her head; then a large stone was fastened to her neck and she was thrown into the river. The sons were fastened to seven posts, and being drawn up by pullies, their limbs were dislocated: unaffected by these tortures, they were thus martyred: Cresentius, the eldest, was stabbed in

" behold what strength God, at his pleasure, can impart even to women and children! How much more illustrious do those ashes appear to me, than the remains of those celebrated Romans, who lie here. Prince, do not deprive me of the glory of a similar destiny—but allow me to swear to you by the tomb of these saints, a fidelity lasting as my life."

At these words the son of Lasthenes attempted to bow respectfully upon the hand which was to sway the sceptre of the world: but Constantine threw himself upon the neck of Eudorus, and for a long time pressed in his arms so noble and magnanimous a friend.

The prince orders his chariot: he mounts together with Eudorus; they roll, in the midst of the darkness, along the desert porticos of the temple of Hercules. The murmurs of the Anio re-echo among the ruins of the palace of Mecænas. The descendant of Philopœmen, and the heir of Cæsar, reflected in silence upon the fate of men and of empires. There, extended the forest of Albuna, where the kings of Latium consulted the rural deities; there dwelt the rustic inhabitants of

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the throat; Julian, the second, in the breast; Nemesius, the third in the heart; Primitius, the fourth in the navel; Justice, the fifth, in the back; Stacteus, the sixth, in the side; and Eugenius, the youngest, was sawed asunder. Fox's Mart. ed. Milnor, p. 40.

mount Socrates and of the vales of Ustica; there was the cradle of those Sabine women who, rushing with dishevelled hair between the armies of Tatius and Romulus, said to these, "ye are our sons and our husbands;" and to those, "ye are our brothers and our fathers." The poet of Lalage,* and the minister of Augustus,† occupied their place upon banks which were trodden, in her turn, by a queen descended from the throne of Palmyra.‡ The chariot rapidly passes the

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* Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget:
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem *Lalagen* amaboé,
Dulce loquentem.

Horace lib. i, Carmen xxii.

† Mecænas, a Roman knight descended from the kings of Etruria, rendered his memory immortal, both by his connection with Augustus, who was indebted to him for his tranquil enjoyment of the supreme power, and for his liberal patronage to men of letters. He made himself so illustrious on this latter account, that his name is proverbially applied even at this day to such as favour, in any superior degree, the cause of literature and science. He died in the year 8, B. C.

‡ Zenobia Septimia, a celebrated princess of Palmyra, wife of Odenathus, who was acknowledged by Gallienus as his partner of the imperial throne. Upon the death of her husband, Zenobia assumed the title of Augusta, ordering herself to be styled the queen of the east. She appeared against Au-

villa of Brutus, the gardens of Adrian, and stops at the tomb of the Plancian family. Eudorus parts from Constantine at the foot of this funeral pile, and returns by an unfrequented path to Rome, to prepare for the flight of the prince. Constantine, with difficulty suppressing his anxiety and concealing his indignation, took the way which led to the palace of the Thermæ.

The attack of Galerius had been so impetuous, and the resolution of Dioclesian so prompt, that the son of Constantius, completely absorbed respecting the fate of the Christians, had suffered himself to be surprised by his enemy. He well knew that Cæsar had for a long time been endeavouring to compel Augustus to abdicate the

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relian in the plains o Syria at the head of 700,000 men, and displayed in two severe engagements, the conduct and valour of an experienced general. By an imprudent manœuvre of the Palmyrean cavalry, she was at length defeated; flying to Palmyra, she supported the repeated assaults of Aurelian, rejecting with disdain all offers of accommodation. When her stores were almost exhausted, and the wall of the city a heap of ruins, she again attempted to save herself by flight; but she was pursued, overtaken, made prisoner, and conveyed to Rome, where she graced the splendid triumph of her conqueror. Aurelian treated her with great humanity, giving her large possessions at Tibur, where she resided in tranquillity during the residue of her life, in all the pomp and magnificence of an eastern queen. Zenobia fell into the hands of Aurelian about A. D. 273. See Decline &c. vol. i, p. 339.

throne; but, whether deceived or betrayed, he had supposed that this catastrophe was still far distant. He attempted to gain access to Dioclesian; but every thing was changed with fortune. An officer of Galerius prevented the entrance of the young prince into the palace, saying in a threatening tone:

"The emperor orders you to repair to the camp of the legions."

At the extremity of the Campus Martius, near the foot of the tomb of Octavius, rose a tribunal of turf, surmounted by a column which supported a statue of Jupiter. At this tribunal Dioclesian was to appear at the dawn of day, to abdicate the purple in the midst of the soldiers under arms. Never, since the day when Sylla laid down the dictatorship before the eyes of the astonished world, had a grander or more imposing spectacle arrested the attention of the Romans. Curiosity, fear, hope, conducted an immense multitude to the Capitol. All the passions, agitated at the approach of the new reign, awaited the issue of this extraordinary scene. Who are to be the Augustuses? Who the Cæsars? The courtiers decorated altars at hazard to the unknown gods; they feared to wound, even in thought, the power which did not as yet exist. They adored that nothing from whence slavery was about to issue; they exhausted themselves in imagining what would be the predominant passion of the future prince, for

the purpose of speedily providing that species of base adulation which would be most in favour during his reign. But whilst the wicked sought to display their vices, the good were only anxious to conceal their virtues. The multitude alone, came with stupid indifference, to behold foreign soldiers appoint their masters, on the very spot where a free people had formerly given their suffrages in the election of their magistrates.

Dioclesian presently appears on the tribunal. The legions proclaim silence—the emperor speaks:

"Soldiers, my age compels me to transfer the sovereign power to Galerius, and to nominate a new Cæsar."

At these words, all eyes are turned towards Constantine, who had just arrived. But Dioclesian suddenly proclaims Daza and Severus, Cæsars. The crowd stand amazed; they ask, who is this Daza, and whether Constantine has changed his name. Galerius, repulsing the son of Constantius with his hand, seizes Daza by the arm, and presents him to the legions. The emperor takes off his purple mantle, and throws it over the shoulders of the young herdsman. At the same time he gives his poignard to Galerius, the symbol of absolute power over the lives of the citizens.

Dioclesian, again become Diocles, descends from the tribunal, mounts his chariot, traverses

Rome without uttering a word, without even looking at his palace, without turning his head; and, taking the road to Salona, his native country, he leaves the universe suspended between admiration of the reign which had just terminated, and in dread of that which was about to commence.*

Whilst the soldiers salute the new Augustus and the new Cæsars, Eudorus glides among the crowd, and penetrates to the side of Constantine. The prince still wavered between astonishment, indignation and grief.

"Son of Constantius," said Eudorus in a low tone, "what are you doing? Do you know your fate? The tribune of the prætorian bands has already received orders for your arrest; follow me, or you are lost."

He hurries along the heir of the empire; they

* The ceremony of the abdication of Dioclesian took place on the first of May, A. D. 305, in a spacious plain, about three miles from Nicomedia. The emperor ascended a lofty throne, and in a speech, full of reason and dignity, declared his intention, both to the people and the soldiery, who were assembled on this extraordinary occasion. As soon as he had divested himself of the purple, and delivered it to Daza, or, as he was afterwards called, Maximin, whom, with Severus, he at the same time declared Cæsars, he withdrew from the gazing multitude; and traversing the city in a covered chariot, he proceeded without delay to his favourite residence in his native country of Dalmatia. See Decline, &c. v. i, p. 435—vol. ii, p. 2 et seq.

arrive without the gates of Rome, in a desert spot, on which Constantine afterwards built the chapel of the Holy Cross.

There, a few faithful slaves awaited the flying prince: dissolving into tears, he again attempted to prevail upon Eudorus to save himself with him: but the martyr remained inflexible, and intreated the son of Helena to fly. Already did they hear the noise of the soldiers who were in pursuit of Constantine. Eudorus addressed this prayer to the Eternal:

"Great God, if thou reservest this prince to reign over thy people, induce this new David to conceal himself from Saul, and condescend to point out to him the road of the desert Zeila!"

The thunder roars from a serene sky—a stream of lightning falls upon the ramparts of Rome—an Angel traces a line of light towards the west.

Constantine obeys the command of heaven: he embraces his friend, and vaults upon his courser—he flies—Eudorus exclaims:

"Remember me when I shall be no more! Prince, be a protector and a father to my Cymodocea!"

Vain wishes! Constantine had disappeared. Eudorus, abandoned and without a protector, remained alone, laden with the anger of the new emperor, the hatred of a rival, now become prime minister, the destiny of the Faithful, and, in a manner, with the whole weight of the per-

secution. In the same evening, being denounced as a Christian by a slave of Hierocles, he was thrown into a dungeon.

Satan, Astarte, the Spirit of false wisdom, all three raise a shout of triumph in the air, and deliver the world to the Dæmon of homicide.

When this furious Angel, leaving the abodes of misery, saddens the earth with his presence, he usually dwells not far from Carthage, among the ruins of a temple where human victims were formerly immolated to his honour.* Hydras, whose look is death—serpents,† like that which opposed

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* No nation in the world ever exhibited more savage barbarity in their superstition than the Carthaginians. They worshipped all the most ferocious gods of antiquity, and continued to sacrifice human victims to them down to the destruction of their city. Their principal deity was Cronus or Saturn, who had a brazen statue with extended arms, so disposed that a child presented to it dropped down through a hollow into a fiery furnace. They worshipped the genii who were supposed to preside over rivers, meads, waters—they worshipped the air, winds, fire, &c.: and the famous Dom Daniel, an imaginary excavation of immeasurable extent, situated beneath the Mediterranean sea, and feigned to be the residence of the mighty Kokopilesob or Beelzebub, and the whole crew of evil genii, magicians, enchanters, &c. is feigned by the poets to have its entrance in the vicinity of Carthage. See Thalaba, or the Destroyer, a wild and extravagant production of the celebrated R. Southy, but which often exhibits the true spirit and fire of poesy.

† Valerius Maximus, upon the authority of Livy, describes

the whole army of Cato—unknown monsters, such as Africa annually engenders—the plagues of Egypt—poisonous winds—diseases—civil wars—unjust laws, which depopulate—tyranny, which ravages the earth—a thousand phantoms of devastation crouch at the feet of the Dæmon of homicide. He arouses himself at the shout of Satan; he flies from the midst of the ruins, and leaving behind him a long train of smoke, he crosses the sea and arrives in Italy. Enveloped in a burning cloud, he hovers over Rome. In one hand he raises a torch, in the other a sword: thus did he formerly give the signal of carnage, when the first Herod caused the children of the Israelites to be slain.

Ah! did but the holy Muse inspire my genius—did she afford me, but for a moment, the song of the swan, or the golden tongue of the poet, how easy would it be for me to relate, in melting language, the sufferings of the persecuted church. I would remember my own country; in deline-

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a contest which took place between the whole Roman army, under Attilius Regulus, and an enormous snake, which disputed with them, for a considerable time, the passage of the river Bagdara, in Africa, and which was at last overcome, after having destroyed many of the soldiers, only by means of the battering machines employed in the attack of fortresses. The skin of this monster, when taken off and dried, is stated by the historian to have been one hundred and twenty feet long. Val. Max. lib. 1. cap. 1.

ating the woes of Rome, I would paint the woes of France! Hail, spouse of Jesus Christ, afflicted, but triumphant church! we, we also have seen thee on the scaffold and in the catacomb.* But in vain art thou afflicted, the gates of hell shall not prevail against thee; in thy greatest grief, thou always perceivest upon the mountain the feet of him who cometh to announce good tidings of peace: thou hast no need of the light of the sun; for the light of God illuminates thee: by this thou shinest in the dungeon. The beauty of Bashan and of Carmel may be effaced; the

* The cruel torments inflicted by the catholics upon the Hugonots, or Protestants of France, during the reign of Louis the XIVth, were equal to any thing that can be found in the history of the persecutions of imperial Rome. "They cast some," says Mr. Claude, in his *Complaints of the Protestants of France*, "into large fires, and took them out when they were half roasted. They hanged others, with large ropes, under the arm-pits, and plunged them into wells, till they promised to renounce their religion. They tied them like criminals on the rack, and poured wine into their mouths through a funnel, till, being intoxicated, they declared their willingness to become catholics. Some they slashed and cut with pen-knives, others they took by the nose with red hot tongs, and led them up and down the rooms till they promised to embrace the Roman catholic faith." England also can mourn over the sufferings inflicted, by the adherents of a bigoted and ferocious superstition, upon thousands of her children. See Hume's Hist. of Eng. vol. iv. See also Fox's Martyrology ed. Milnor, passim.

flowers of Lebanon may fade, but thou shalt remain beautiful forever.

The persecution extends at the same moment from the shores of the Tiber to the extremities of the empire. On every side, churches are heard falling under the hands of the soldiers; the magistrates, dispersed among the temples and tribunals, compel the multitude to sacrifice; whoever refuses to worship the gods, is delivered to the executioners; the prisons are glutted with victims; the roads are crowded with mutilated Christians, sent to die at the bottom of mines or in the public works. Scourges, racks, claws of iron, the cross, wild beasts mangle the tender infant with its mother: there, hang naked women, suspended by the feet, on stakes, and thus left to expire under this shameful and cruel punishment; there, the limbs of a martyr are tied to two trees, brought together by force, and which, in regaining their position, carry with them the fragments of the victim. Each province has its peculiar punishment: the slow fire in Mesopotamia—the wheel* in Pontus—the axe in Arabia—the molten

* The wheel, according to Cave, was a round engine, to which the body of the condemned person being bound, was not only extremely distended, but whirled about with the most violent distortion. This instrument was sometimes full of iron points—sometimes a board full of short iron points was placed under, so that every time the body of the martyr

lead in Cappadocia. Often, in the midst of their torments, they satisfy the thirst of the confessor, and throw water in his face, lest the flames should hasten his death. Sometimes, fatigued with burning the Faithful separately, they cast a number at once on the pile; their bones are reduced to powder, and given, with their ashes, to the wind.*

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came to it, they racked off the flesh with inexpressible torment. Cave's Primitive Christianity, p. 326.

* After having explained the various species of torture which were most common among the persecutors, such as crucifying, burning, condemning to the mines, throwing to wild beasts, &c. Mr. Cave goes on to consider some of those unusual torments and punishments which were inflicted only upon Christians, or (if upon any others) only in extraordinary cases. "Such was their being *tied* to arms of trees, bent by great force and strength by certain engines, and being suddenly let go, did in a moment tear the martyr in pieces; in which way many were put to death in the persecution of *Thebais*. Sometimes they were clad with coats of paper, linen, or such like, daubed on the inside with pitch and brimstone, which being set on fire they were burnt alive. Other whiles they were shut into the belly of a *brazen* bull, and a fire being kindled under it, were consumed with a torment beyond imagination. Sometimes they were put into a great pot, or *cauldron* full of *boiling* pitch, oil, lead, or wax mixed together; or had these fatal liquors, by holes made on purpose, poured into their bowels. Some of them were hung up by one or both hands, with stones of great weight tied to their feet, to augment their sufferings. Others were *anointed* all over their bodies with honey, and at mid-day fastened to the top of a

Galerius enjoyed pleasure from these torments: he caused bears, of a prodigious size, and ferocious as himself, to be procured at a great price. Each of these beasts had a terrible name. During his repasts, the successor of the sage Dioclesian, ordered men to be thrown to them to be devoured. The government of this avaricious and debauched wretch, while producing misery throughout the provinces, increased still more, the activity of the persecution. The cities are subjected to military judges, without understanding, and without education, who know nothing but how to inflict death. The commissaries make the most rigorous search for the goods and property of the subject; they measure the land; they count the vines and the trees; they register the flocks. All the inhabitants of the empire are compelled to enrol themselves in the book of the census, now become a book of proscription. Lest any one should conceal a part of his fortune from the cupidity of the emperor, they force, by the terrors

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pole, that they might be a prey to the flies, wasps, and such little cattle, as might by degrees sting and torment them to death." Cave's Primitive Christianity, p. 329. And Eusebius tells us (lib. 8, cap. 12) that not satisfied with the modes of torture practised by their forefathers, they did nothing but rack their wits to devise new methods of torment, and strove who should outstrip the other in these abominable inventions. See also Cyprian's Epistle to Demetrianus, p. 200, and Fox's Martyrology.

of punishment, children to swear against their parents, slaves against their masters, wives against their husbands. The executioners often constrain the unhappy victim to accuse himself, and to avow the possession of riches, which he never owned. Neither decrepitude nor sickness are an excuse for dispensing with conformity to the orders of the inquisitor; wretchedness and misery are obliged to come forth; to augment the number of those who are embraced within these tyrannical laws, years are added to childhood, and deducted from age; the death of a man, takes nothing from the treasure of Galerius—the Emperor divides the prey with the tomb; this man, though erased from the number of the living, is not erased from the roll of the census, and he continues to pay for having had the unhappiness to live. The poor alone, from whom nothing can be exacted, appear protected from violence by their own wretchedness; but they are not protected from the insulting pity of the tyrant: Galerius causes them to be confined in boats, and there sunk to the bottom of the sea, that their evils may forsooth be remedied.

There remained for the Christians but one more outrage, and this Hierocles did not spare them. In the midst of murdered priests, on the body of Jesus Christ pierced with wounds, the disciple of the sages generously published two

books* of blasphemies against the God whom he had adored, and who was the God of his mother: so base, so ferocious was the pride of this impious wretch! Indefatigable in his hatred as well as in his love, the apostate waited impatiently for the moment when the daughter of Homer should arrive to grace his triumph. He purposely prescribed the punishment of Eudorus, that the hope of preserving the life of this favoured rival, might tempt the virgin of Messenia.

"I will employ," said he with mingled emotions of shame, despair and love, "I will employ this last mode of subduing the resistance of insolent beauty: I will see her fall into my arms to ransom the life of Eudorus; then, completing my double vengeance, I will shew her my rival in the hands of the executioner, and this Christian, when dying, shall know that his wife has been dishonoured."

Intoxicated with power, Hierocles was unable

* Hierocles wrote *Two Books*, addressed *To the Christians*, an account of which is given by Lactantius, (Instit. Divin. lib. v. cap. ii,) and which were answered by Eusebius. The principal design of Hierocles in these books was to shew the absurdities with which he pretended the holy scriptures to abound. He reviled the disciples of our Saviour as low and worthless men, and even went so far as to assert, that Christ, having been banished by the Jews, assembled an army of 900 men and committed robbery. See Lardner, vol. viii. Mosheim, vol. i, p. 334.

to control his passions. This wretch who had abjured the Eternal, by a deplorable contradiction, believed in the genius of evil and in all the secrets of necromancy.

There was at Rome a Hebrew, who had apostatized from the faith of his fathers; he lived among the sepulchres, and popular opinion accused him of holding secret commerce with hell. This man usually dwelt in the subterraneous vaults of the ruined palace of Nero. Hierocles commanded one of his confidants to seek, in the dead of the night, this infamous Israelite. The slave, having received his instructions, departs, and descends through heaps of rubbish to the bottom of the vault. He perceives the old man, covered with tatters, and warming his hands at a fire made of human bones.

"Old man," said the slave trembling with fear, "can you in a moment transport from Jerusalem to Rome, a Christian female who has escaped from the power of Hierocles? Receive this gold, and speak fearlessly."

The splendour of the gold, and the name of Jerusalem extorted a frightful smile from the Israelite.

"My son," said he, "I know your master; there is nothing which I will not attempt to gratify him: I will interrogate the abyss."

He speaks, and digs in the ground: he uncovers the bloody urn which contains the ashes

of Nero; the urn emits mournful sounds. The magician spreads upon an iron altar the ashes of the first persecutor of the Christians. Three times he turns towards the east, three times he claps with his hands, three times he opens the profaned Bible. He pronounces mysterious words, and invokes the Dæmon of tyrants, from the bosom of the shades. God permits Hell to reply: the fire which consumes the spoils of death, is extinguished—the earth trembles—fear penetrates through the very bones of the slave—the hairs of his flesh bristle—a spirit appears before him—he sees a figure whose countenance he cannot distinguish—he hears a feeble voice:

"Why," exclaims the Hebrew, "hast thou so long delayed to come? Tell me—canst thou transport from Jerusalem to Rome, a Christian female who has escaped from her master?"

"I cannot," replied the spirit of darkness: "Maria defends this female from my power; but, if you wish, I will in an instant convey to Syria the edict of the persecution and the orders of Hierocles."

The slave accepts the proposition of hell, and hastens to communicate the result of his embassy to the impatient Hierocles. Transformed into a rapid messenger, the spirit of darkness soon descends at Jerusalem, at the house of the centurion commissioned to reclaim Cymodocea. He urges

him, in the name of the minister of Galerius, speedily to accomplish his mission; and he gives the fatal edict to the governor of the city of David: the gates of the holy places are immediately closed, and the soldiers disperse the Faithful. In vain does the wife of Constantius attempt to protect the Christians; the flight of Constantine, the triumph of Galerius in a moment changed the fortune of Helena: for sovereigns, prosperity is the mother of obedience; the misfortune of kings absolves subjects from the oath of fidelity.

It was now the hour when sleep closes the eyes of mortals: the bird reposed in its nest, and the herd in the valley; labour was suspended: scarcely did the industrious mother still turn her spindle before the drowsy fire of her humble hearth. Cymodocea, having prayed for a long time for her spouse and her father, now slept. Demodocus appeared to her in a dream. His beard was neglected, large drops fell from his eyes; he slowly waved his augural sceptre, and deep sighs issued from his breast. Cymodocea fancied that she addressed to him these words:

"O my father, why hast thou so long abandoned thy daughter? Where is Eudorus? Comes he to fulfil his plighted vows? Why do these tears bathe thy face? Wilt thou not press thy Cymodocea to thy bosom?"

The phantom replied:

"Fly, my daughter, fly! The flames surround

thee. Hierocles pursues thee. The gods whom thou hast abandoned, deliver thee to his power. Thy new God shall triumph; but how many tears will he cause thy father to shed!"

The spectre vanishes, and carries with him the torch which Cymodocea received at the altar on the day of her union with Eudorus: Cymodocea awakes. The glare of a conflagration reddens the walls of her apartment and the curtains of her bed. She starts up—she sees the church of the Holy Sepulchre on fire. The flames, amidst clouds of smoke, ascend to heaven, and reflect a bloody light on the ruins of Jerusalem and the mountains of Judæa.

Since the tidings of the persecution had been circulated through Syria, Cymodocea had not quitted the princess Helena; retired in an oratory with other Christian females, she sighed over the misfortunes of the new Zion. The emissary of Hierocles, despairing to meet the young catechumen, and not daring, from some remains of respect, to violate the retreat of the wife of Cæsar, had fired the Holy Sepulchre. The palace of Helena adjoined this sacred edifice; the centurion thus hoped to force Cymodocea to leave her inviolable asylum, and he waited with soldiers to seize her in the midst of the tumult.

Dorotheus had discovered these plots: he makes himself a path-way across the crumbling walls and burning timbers which fall around him;

he penetrates into the palace of Helena. Already are the apartments deserted; only a few half-distracted women are collected in an inner court, around an altar of the kings of Judah. He encounters Cymodocea, who was searching in vain for her nurse: she was never to behold her more: Eurymedusa, thy fate remains unknown!

"Let us fly," said Dorotheus to the daughter of Demodocus—"Helena herself cannot save you; your enemies will tear you from her arms; I know a secret and subterraneous path which will conduct us beyond the walls of Jerusalem: Providence will do the rest."

At the extremity of the palace, on the side of Mount Zion, is a secret gate which leads to Calvary; it was by this that Helena was accustomed to avoid the homage of the people, when she went to pray at the foot of the Cross. Dorotheus, followed by Cymodocea, gently opens the gate; he looks out and sees nothing. He takes Cymodocea by the hand; they issue from the palace: sometimes they glide softly across the ruins; sometimes they hasten through the least obstructed places; at times they hear the tread of pursuing footsteps, and they hide themselves amidst the mouldering relics: often are they stopped by the gleaming of the arms of a soldier wandering through the darkness. The noise of the conflagration and the confused clamours of the crowd, rise far behind them; they cross the desert val-

ley which divides the hill of Calvary from Mount Zion.

In the side of this mountain, lay a secret path; its entrance was closed by bushes of aloes, and roots of the wild olive. Dorotheus removes these obstacles, and penetrates into the subterraneous passage; he strikes a flint, kindles a branch of cypress, and by the light of this torch, he plunges with Cymodocea into the gloomy vaults. In this place had David formerly bewailed his crime; on every side they saw inscribed on the walls, verses written by the hand of the repentant monarch, while he poured forth his immortal tears. His tomb occupied the middle of the vault; and on its base were still engraven a crook, a harp and a crown. Fear of the present—recollection of the past—this mountain whose summit witnessed the sacrifice made by Abraham, and whose sides protected the coffin of the prophet-king, all affect the hearts of the two Christians: they soon issue from these labyrinths, and find themselves in the midst of the mountains, on the road to Bethlehem; they cross the silent plains of Rama where Rachel would not be consoled, and arrive at the birth-place of the Messiah.

Bethlehem was entirely deserted; the Christians had been dispersed. Cymodocea and her guide approached the Manger; they admired that grotto where the king of heaven condescended to be born—where the Angels, the Shepherds and

the Wise Men came to adore him, and where the whole world shall one day pay him homage.* Of-

* "This sacred grotto is irregular, as it occupies the irregular scite of the stable and manger. It is thirty-seven and a half feet long, eleven feet three inches wide, and nine feet high. It is cut out of the rock: the sides of this rock are faced with marble, and the floor of the grotto is also of a costly marble. These embellishments are attributed to Helena. The church receives no light from without, and is illuminated within by thirty lamps sent by different Christian princes. On the eastern side of the grotto is the spot where the Redeemer of mankind was born. It is marked by a white marble, incrusted with jasper and enclosed by a radiated circle of gold. On its circumference are these words:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

"Seven paces from this place, towards the south, after having passed the foot of one of the stairs which ascend to the upper church, you find the manger. To this you descend by two steps, as it is not upon the same level with the rest of the grotto. It is a vaulted recess somewhat elevated, and sunk into the rock. A block of marble, raised one foot above the floor, and hollowed in the form of a cradle, indicates the very place where the Sovereign of Heaven lay couched upon the straw.

"Nothing is more agreeable or better calculated for devotion, than this subterranean church. It is enriched with pictures from the Italian and Spanish schools. These represent the mysteries of these holy places—Virgins and Infants by Raphael, Annunciations, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Arrival of the Shepherds, and all those miracles of grandeur and innocence. The ordinary ornaments of the manger are composed of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense burns incessantly before the cradle of the Saviour. I heard

ferings, left in this place by the shepherds of Judæa, afforded abundant sustenance to the two unfortunates. Cymodocea shed tears of tenderness. The miracles of the cradle of Jesus spoke to her heart.

"Here, then," said she, "the divine infant smiled upon his divine mother! Oh Maria, protect Cymodocea! Like you, she also is a fugitive from Bethlehem!"

The daughter of Demodocus then thanked the generous Dorotheus, who on her account had exposed himself to so much fatigue and danger.

"I am an old Christian," said this man of approved virtue; "tribulation constitutes my joy."

Dorotheus prostrated himself before the manger.

"Father of mercy," said he, "have compassion upon us, and oh! remember, that in this place thy Son shed his first tears for the salvation of man!"

The sun approached the termination of his

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an organ, extremely well touched, play, at mass, the sweetest airs and the best and most touching compositions of Italy. These concerts charm the Christian Arab who, while his flocks are feeding, come, like the ancient shepherds of Bethlehem, to adore the king in his manger. I have seen this inhabitant of the desert commune at the altar of the Wise Men, with a fervour, a piety, a religious expression of feeling unknown among the Christians of the west."

Itinerary, vol. ii, p. 153.

course. Dorotheus departed with the daughter of Demodocus, in the hope of encountering some shepherd: he perceived a man descending into the valley of Engedi;* a girdle of rushes was tied around his loins; his beard and his hair grew in wild disorder; his shoulders were laden with a basket of sand, which he bore with seeming pain to the entrance of a grotto. As soon as he discovered the travellers, he threw down his burden, and fixing on them an indignant look:

"Luxuries of Rome," exclamed he, "vain phantoms of the Dæmon, are ye come to trouble me even in this desert? Begone, Spirits of darkness! Armed with penitence, I unveil your snares, and laugh at your efforts!"

He speaks, and like the sea-eagle who plunges into the bosom of the waves, he darts into the grotto. From his language, Dorotheus recognized a Christian; he advances, and addresses him through a chasm of the rock:

"We are not phantoms of darkness—we are Christian fugitives; condescend to afford us the rights of hospitality."

"No, no," cried the recluse, "this female is too lovely to be a mere daughter of man. Hell has adorned her with all its gifts. I am not de-

* Engedi is about thirty-seven and a half miles south-east of Jerusalem, and not far from the shores of the Dead Sea.

ceived; that is the Grecian habit, the girdle, the perfumed tresses, the airy step of the Dæmon adored by the Pagans under the name of Venus."

"This female," replied Dorotheus, "is a catechumen, who is performing that noviciate of tears which Jesus Christ requires from his servants. She is a Grecian, called Cymodocea: she is affianced to Eudorus, the defender of the Christians, whose name you perhaps have heard: I am Dorotheus, first officer of the palace of Dioclesian."

The recluse springs from the grotto, like a champion with his brows incircled by a crown of olives at the Olympic games.

"Enter my cave," cried he, "spouse of my friend!"

The recluse tells his name. Cymodocea recognizes that friend of Eudorus who conversed with him at the tomb of Scipio. Dorotheus, who had known Jerome at court, contemplates with astonishment this anchorite, formerly a warm disciple of Epicurus now macerated by austerities and incessant vigils. He follows him to the bottom of the cave: he sees nothing there but a Bible, a death's head and some scattered leaves of the translation of the Holy Books.* Every thing is

* Among the many Latin versions of the Scriptures which the fourth century produced, that of Jerome is considered as having possessed an undoubted superiority. See Mosheim's Eccl. Hist. vol. i, p. 368.

soon explained between the two Christians and the young pilgrim. A thousand recollections soften their hearts; a thousand affecting histories cause their tears to flow; they resemble those rivulets which descend from different mountains to mingle their waters in the same valley.

"My errors," said Jerome, "have produced my penitence, and henceforth I shall no more leave Bethlehem. The cradle of the Saviour shall be my tomb."*

The anchorite then asked Dorotheus what he intended to do.

"I will seek," replied Dorotheus, "some friends at Joppa—"

"How!" exclaimed Jerome interrupting him—"you are unfortunate, and you expect to find

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* "From the grotto of the Nativity, we descended into the subterranean chapel where tradition places the sepulture of the Innocents (the children killed by order of Herod). The chapel of the Innocents conducted us to the grotto of saint Jerome: we there found the sepulchre of this doctor of the church, that of saint Eusebius, and the tombs of saint Paula and saint Eustochia.

"St. Jerome passed the greatest part of his life in this grotto. It was from thence that he beheld the fall of the Roman empire; it was there that he received those fugitive patricians, who, after having been possessed of the palaces of the earth, thought themselves happy in partaking of the cell of a cenobite. The tranquillity of the saint and the troubles of the world produced a wonderful effect in the letters of the sage interpreter of Scripture." Ibid. p. 160.

mingle their fugitive plaints: thus sigh together two lyres, the one of which emits the deep tones of the Dorian measure, the other the voluptuous notes of the soft Ionian: thus, in the savannas of Florida, two silver storks wave in concert their sonorous wings, and raise a soft melody towards heaven: seated on the border of the forest, the Indian priest listens to the sounds diffused through the air, and fancies that he distinguishes in the harmony the voice of the spirits of his sires.

THE ARGUMENT.

Return of Demodocus to the temple of Homer. His grief. He hears of the persecution. He departs for Rome whither he believes Cymodocea to have been carried by Hierocles. Cymodocea is baptised by Jerome in the river of Jordan. She arrives at Ptolemais and embarks for Greece. A tempest excited by the command of God, obliges her to land in Italy.

BOOK XIX.

WHO can describe the bitterness of parental suffering!

After the fatal separation, the slaves of Demodocus reconducted their master to the citadel of Athens. He passed the night under the porch of the temple of Minerva, that he might again behold, at the dawn of day, the galley of Cymodocea. When the star of the morning appeared over mount Hymettus, the tears of the old man flowed afresh.

"Oh, my daughter," cried he, "when wilt thou return from the east, like that star, to gladden the heart of thy father?"

Aurora soon lighted the solitary billow on which he looked in vain for a sail: but he still perceived on the level waves the white track of a vessel which was itself no longer visible. Already the sun, issuing from the wave, gilded and burnished the face of the deep. Serene clouds rested here and there upon the azure sky of Attica; some, tinged with the colour of the rose, floated round the star of day, like the scarf of the Hours. The scene only increased the grief of the priest of Ho-

mer. He sobbed aloud: it was the first time, since the birth of his daughter, that the rising sun had beheld them far distant from each other. Demodocus rejected the attentions of his host, who, witnessing such affliction, congratulated himself upon having hitherto lived without children and without a wife; so the shepherd, at the bottom of the valley, hears with trembling the roar of the distant cannon; he laments the victims who fall on the field of battle, and blesses his rocks and his cabin.

It was the intention of Demodocus to depart on the following day from Athens, and return to Messenia. For a long time his grief would not allow him to follow the roads which he had traversed with Cymodocea. At Corinth, he took the route to Olympus; but he was unable to bear the festivity and splendour of the festivals which were then celebrating on the borders of the Alpheus. When, after having crossed the mountains of Elis, he perceived the summits of Ithome, he fell motionless in the arms of his slaves. They speedily recal him to life: pale and trembling, he soon arrives at the temple of Homer. Already was the threshold of the gate strewed with withered foliage—grass grew in all the paths: so soon are the traces of man effaced from the earth. Demodocus entered the sanctuary of his ancestor. The lamp was extinguished. The ashes of the last sacrifice which the father of Cymodocea had

offered to the gods for his daughter, still remained upon the altar. Demodocus prostrates himself before the image of the poet:

"Oh thou!" said he "who now art all my family, chanter of the woes of Priam, this day weep for the sufferings of the last branch of thy race!"

At this moment, one of the cords of Cymodocea's lyre breaks, with a mournful sound. The old man starts: he raises his head; he sees the lyre suspended from the altar:

"It is done," he cries, "my daughter is to die: the Parcæ announce to me her destiny by breaking the cord of her lyre."

At these cries the slaves rushed into the temple, and by force tore Demodocus away.

Each day increased his distress: a thousand recollections rent his bosom. It was here that he instructed his daughter in the art of singing; it was there that he walked with her. Nothing is more agonizing, when we have lost that which constituted the charm of life, than the view of those places with which we were familiar in the days of our happiness. The inhabitants of Messenia were affected by the sufferings of Demodocus. They permitted him to suspend his sacred functions, which he could not indeed perform but with tears. His health declined; he advanced, with rapid strides, towards the tomb; the letters of his daughter did not reach him.

The family of Lasthenes was unable to extend its kindness to the old man: it was persecuted, and the mother of Eudorus had just breathed her last. How many victims did the priest of Homer immolate to gods who were deaf to his voice! How many hecatombs did he promise, if Neptune would restore Cymodocea to the banks of the Pamisus! The day disappeared—the day returned—and still found Demodocus, with his hands in blood, examining the entrails of bulls and heifers. He visited all the temples; he went to consult the Haruspices on the summit of Tenarus. At one time he clothes himself in a robe of mourning, and knocks at the brazen gates of the sanctuary of the Furies: he offers expiatory gifts to the Fatal Sisters, as if his miseries were crimes. At another, he crowns himself with flowers; he affects a smiling air, while his eyes are bathed in tears, that he may propitiate some divinity who is an enemy to grief. Rites long since abandoned, ceremonies practised in the days of Inachus and Nestor, Demodocus renews; he pores over the sibylline books; he pronounces none but words reputed fortunate; he abstains from certain kinds of nourishment; he shuns certain objects; he is attentive to winds, to birds, to clouds; still there are not oracles enough for his paternal love! Alas, wretched old man! listen to the sounds of that trumpet which echo among the summits of Ithome; they will tell you of the destiny of thy daughter!

The governor of Messenia traversed the country with a numerous retinue, proclaiming Galerius emperor, and publishing the edict of persecution. Demodocus fancies that he has not correctly understood; he flies to Messenia: every thing confirms his wretchedness. A vessel, which had arrived from the east at the port of Coronea, brought tidings that the daughter of Homer, carried off from Jerusalem, had been conducted to Hieroeles. What shall Demodocus do? Excess of misery gives him strength; he determines to fly to Rome—to throw himself at the feet of Galerius, and solicit the restoration of his daughter. Before leaving the temple of the demi-god, he consecrates at the foot of the statue of Homer a little galley of ivory, and a vase for the reception of tears: an offering and a symbol of his anxiety and his grief! He next sells his Penates, the purple of his bed, the bridal veil of Epicharis, which had been intended for Cymodocea; he carries with him his whole fortune to ransom the child of his love. Useless cares! Heaven will not surrender its conquest; nor will all the treasures of the earth purchase the crown of the new Christian.

Cymodocea no more belonged to the world. By receiving the waters of baptism, she was ranked among the celestial spirits. Already had she departed from the grotto of Bethlehem with Dorotheus. They set out at dawn of day, through wild and steril places. Jerome, clothed like holy

John in the desert, shewed the way to the catechumen. They soon reached the last range of the mountains of Judæa, which bound the valley of Jordan and the waters of the Dead Sea.

Two lofty chains of mountains, stretching in a direct line from north to south, present themselves to the view of the travellers. On this side of Judæa, these mountains are masses of chalk and sand, which resemble heaps of arms, furled standards, or the tents of a camp pitched on the border of a plain. On the side of Arabia rise perpendicular rocks which pour into the sea of Death torrents of sulphur and pitch. The smallest bird of heaven finds not here one blade of grass for its support: every thing announces the country of an accursed people: every thing seems to breathe a horror for the incest from which Ammon and Moab sprung.

The valley contained between these two chains of mountains, exhibits a soil similar to the bottom of a sea, long since retired from its bed: plains of salt dry mud, and moving sands, which appear furrowed by the waves. Here and there some pitiful shrubs scarcely vegetate in this lifeless tract; their foliage is covered with the salt which nourished them, and their bark has the taste and smell of smoke. Instead of villages, the ruins of some towers are seen. Through the middle of the valley rolls a discoloured river; it moves reluctantly towards the pestilential lake which en-

gulfs it. The course of the river in the midst of the sand, cannot be distinguished but by the willows and reeds which border it: it is in these reeds that the Arab lurks to await the spoil of the traveller and the pilgrim.*

"You behold," said Jerome to his astonished guest, "places rendered famous by the blessings and the curses of Heaven: this river is the Jordan: this lake is the Dead Sea: to you it appears brilliant, but the guilty cities which it conceals in its bosom have poisoned its waters. Its abysses are solitary and destitute of every thing like life: no vessel has ever pressed its waves: its shores are without birds, without trees, without verdure: its bitter water is so heavy that the most violent winds agitate it with difficulty. Here the heaven is parched with the fires which consumed Gomorrha. Cymodocea, these are not the shores of the Pamisus, and the valleys of Taygetus. Thou art on the road of Hebron, in the place where the voice of Joshua was heard when he arrested the sun in the midst of his career. You tread a ground once blasted by the anger of Jehovah, but since consoled by the compassionate words of Jesus Christ. Young catechumen, it is through this sacred solitude that you go to seek

* The whole of this description is given in the Itinerary in precisely the same words. See vol. ii, p. 175.

him whom you love; the recollections which this grand and gloomy desert inspire will mingle with your love to strengthen and render it more sober; the appearance of these desolate shores is equally calculated to cherish or to extinguish the passions. Innocent girl, thine are lawful, and thou art not obliged, like Jerome, to stifle them under burdens of scorching sand!"

So saying, they descended into the valley of the Jordan. Tormented by a consuming thirst, Cymodocea plucked a fruit from a bush, resembling the golden citron; but when she put it to her mouth, she found it filled with bitter and calcined ashes.*

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* "There is scarcely a reader who has not heard of the famous tree of Sodom: this tree is said to produce an apple agreeable to the eye, but bitter to the taste and full of cinders. Tacitus, in the fifth book of his *History*, and Josephus, in his *War of the Jews*, are, I believe, the first authors who have spoken of the singular fruit of the Dead Sea. Foulcher de Chartres, who visited Palestine towards the year 1100, saw this deceitful fruit, and compared it to the pleasures of the world. From this epocha, some, as Ceverius de Vera, Baumgarten *(Peregrinationis in Ægyptum, etc.)*, Pierre de la Vallée *(Viaggi)*, Troilus, and some missionaries, confirm the recital of Foulcher; others, as Reland, father Neret, Maundrell, incline to believe that this fruit is but a poetical image of our false joys, *mala mentis gaudia*; others in fine, such as Pococke, Shaw, etc. absolutely doubt its existence.

"Ammon seems to determine the difficulty; he describes the tree which, according to him, resembles a hawthorn (aube-

" 'Tis an image of the pleasures of the world," cried the recluse.

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pine): " The fruit," says he, " is a small apple of a beautiful colour, etc."

" Then comes the botanist Hasselquist; he destroys all this testimony. The apple of Sodom is the fruit neither of a tree nor a shrub, but the production of the *solanum melongina*, of Linnæus. " It is found in abundance," says he, " near Jericho, in the vallies in the vicinity of the Jordan, " in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea; it is true that they " are sometimes filled with dust, but this happens only when " the fruit is attacked by an insect (*tenthredo*), which con- " verts the whole of its interior to dust, leaving nothing but " the skin entire, without producing the slightest injury to " its colour."

" After this, who would not imagine the question decided, upon the authority of Hasselquist, and upon the still greater authority of Linnæus in his *Flora Palæstina?* Not at all: M. Seetzen, a savant also, and the most modern of all these travellers, as he is still in Arabia, disagrees with Hasselquist respecting the *solanum Sodomeum*: " I saw, says he, during " my stay at Karrak, at the house of the Greek pastor of " that city, a kind of cotton resembling silk; this cotton, he " tells me, comes from the plain El-Gor, on the eastern side " of the Dead Sea, from a tree similar to the fig-tree, and which " bears the name of *Aoescha-ez;* it is found in a fruit re- " sembling the pomegranate. It struck me, that this fruit, " which has no internal pulp (chair) and which is not known " in any other part of Palestine, was in all probability the " famous apple of Sodom."

" Thus am I embarrassed; for I think that I also have discovered this celebrated fruit: the bush which bears it grows very common within two or three leagues from the mouth of the Jordan; it is prickly, and its leaves are small and slender;

He continued his route shaking the dust from his feet.

In the meantime the pilgrims approached a wood of tamarind and balm-trees, which grew in the midst of a fine white sand; Jerome suddenly stopped and shewed Dorotheus, almost under his steps, something moving in this motionless desert! it was a yellow river, with a deep channel, which slowly rolled along its muddy wave. The anchorite hails the Jordan and exclaims:

"Let us not lose a moment, happy virgin! Come, obtain life at the very spot where the Israelites crossed the river when issuing from the desert, and where Jesus Christ chose to receive baptism from the hand of the forerunner. It was from the top of that mount Abarim, that Moses discovered for thee the promised land; on the summit of that opposite mountain, Jesus Christ prayed for thee during forty days. At the sight of the ruined walls of Jericho, let us cause the barriers of darkness which surround thy soul to fall, that the living God may enter."

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it strongly resembles the shrub described by Amman; its fruit is precisely similar in colour and form to the little lemon (limon) of Egypt. Before the fruit is ripe, it is filled with a salt and corrosive juice; when dried, it produces a black seed, which may be compared to cinders, and the taste of which is like that of bitter pepper. I gathered a half-dozen of these fruits, four of which are still in my possession, well preserved, and worthy the attention of naturalists." Itin. vol. ii. p. 188.

Jerome descends into the river: Cymodocea follows him. Dorotheus, the only witness of this scene, falls upon his knees on the bank. He officiates as a spiritual father to Cymodocea, and confirms to her the name of Esther. The waves divide around the chaste catechumen, as they formerly separated in the same place round the holy ark. The folds of her virgin robe, carried along by the current, float behind her; she bows her head before Jerome, and, with a voice that charms the reeds of Jordan, she renounces Satan, his worship and his works. The anchorite draws the regenerating water in a shell taken from the river, and pours it, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, upon the forehead of the daughter of Homer. Her dishevelled locks fall on each side of her head under the weight of the rapid stream which follows and unrols their curls: so does the gentle shower of spring moisten the flowering jessamines and glides along their perfumed stalks. Oh! how affecting was this furtive baptism in the waters of the Jordan! How interesting was the appearance of this virgin, who, concealed in the bosom of a desert, obtained heaven, as it were, by stealth! Sovereign beauty alone looked more lovely, in this place, when, the clouds opening, the spirit of God descended upon Jesus Christ, in the form of a dove, and a voice was heard, saying:

"This is my beloved son."

Cymodocea issues from the waves full of faith and courage to sustain the ills of life; the new Christian, bearing Jesus Christ in her soul, resembled a wife who, having become a mother, suddenly finds strength to perform for her child, what she dared not attempt for herself.

At this moment, a troop of Arabs appeared near the river. Jerome, at first terrified, presently recognized a Christian tribe, of which he had been the apostle. This little church, in which God was adored under a tent, as in the days of Jacob, had not escaped the persecution. The Roman soldiers had deprived them of their mares and their herds: their camels alone were left them. Their leader had called them to him as he fled to the mountains, and they had eagerly obeyed his voice; these faithful servants carried to their masters an abundant tribute of milk, as if they knew that these masters possessed no other nourishment.

Jerome saw in this meeting the hand of Providence.

"These Arabs," said he to Dorotheus, "will conduct you to our brethren at Ptolemais where you will easily find a vessel for Italy."

"Antelope of sweet look and nimble feet, virgin more lovely than a limpid fountain," said the chief of the Arabs to Cymodocea, "fear nothing: I will conduct wherever you desire, if Jerome, our father, command it!"

The day being too far advanced to resume their journey, they stop on the bank of the river: they kill a lamb which they roast whole; it is served upon a table of aloe-wood; each one cuts a piece from the victim; they drink a little of the milk which the camel affords in the midst of an arid sand, and which still preserves the flavour of the delicious date. The night arrives. They seat themselves round a fire. Tied to stakes, the camels form a second circle around the descendants of Ishmael. The father of the tribe relates the woes which were inflicted upon the Christians. By the light of the fire, were visible his expressive gestures, his black beard, his white teeth, and the various forms which his loose dress assumed from his actions during the recital. His companions listen with profound attention; bending forward their faces over the flame, they alternately raise a cry of admiration, and repeat with emphasis the words of their chief; the heads of the camels are occasionally seen reared above the group, and shadowing at it were, the picture.* Cymodocea contemplates in si-

* "All that is said respecting the fondness of the Arabians for tales is true, of which the following is an example. During the night which we passed upon the shore of the Dead Sea, our Bethlehemites were seated around the fire, their guns lying by their sides, their horses, tied to stakes, forming a second circle without. After having taken their cof-

lence the scene presented by the shepherds of the east; she admires that religion which civilizes savage hordes, and leads them to succour weakness and innocence, whilst the false gods reduce the Romans to barbarity and stifle justice and pity in their hearts.

At the first dawn of day, the assembled troop offered their prayers to the Eternal on the banks of the Jordan. The back of a camel, covered with a carpet, was the altar on which they placed the sacred symbols of this wandering church. Jerome delivered to Dorotheus letters addressed to the chief among the Faithful at Ptolemais. He exhorted Cymodocea to patience and courage, congratulating himself upon sending a Christian spouse to his friend.

"Go," said he, "daughter of Jacob, formerly daughter of Homer! Queen of the east, thou leavest the desert, resplendent with light! Brave the persecutions of men. The new Jerusalem does not weep, seated under a palm-tree, like

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fee, and conversed considerably together, the Arabs all became silent, except the sheick. I beheld, by the light of the fire, his expressive gestures, his black beard, his white teeth, the varying forms which he gave to his vestment as he continued his story. His companions listened with profound attention, all bending forward, their faces over the flame, sometimes uttering a cry of admiration, sometimes imitating with emphasis the actions of the narrator," &c. Itin. vol. ii, p. 203.

Judæa when subjugated by Titus; but victorious and triumphant, she gathers from the same palm the immortal symbol of her glory."

Having spoken these words, Jerome takes leave of his guests, and returns to the grotto of Bethlehem.

The Arab tribe conducted the two fugitives, through almost inaccessible mountains, as far as the gates of Ptolemais. The sovereign of the Angels, who did not cease to watch over Cymodocea, had miraculously sustained her in her fatigues. To conceal her from the eyes of the Pagans, she envelops her, as well as Dorotheus in a cloud. Under this veil they both enter Ptolemais. The church, which was not yet demolished, announced the abode of the pastor. In those days of tribulation, persecuted Christians were brethren who were received with respect and kindness: they were concealed at the hazard of life, and all the assistance of the most active charity was lavished upon them.* It is told the pastor that two strangers had presented themselves at the gate: he hastily descends. Dorotheus, without pronouncing a word, makes himself known by the sign of salvation.

"Martyrs!" exclaims the pastor—"Martyrs! Blessed be the day which has brought you to my

* See Cave's Primitive Christianity, Part iii, chap. 2.

dwelling! Angels of the Lord, enter the house of Gideon: you will there find the harvest stolen from the Moabites."

Dorotheus delivers to the pastor the letters from Jerome, and relates, at the same time, the distress of Cymodocea.

"How," cried the priest, "is this the spouse of our defender? Is this the virgin whose history resounds throughout all Syria! I am Pamphilius, of Cæsaria, and I formerly knew Eudorus in Egypt. Daughter of Jerusalem, how great is your glory! Alas! your illustrious protectress, the holy Helena, can no longer assist you; she herself has been arrested. The emissaries of Hierocles seek you on every side; you must quit this city immediately; but there still are resources: where do you intend to go?"

Dorotheus, whose faith did not possess the same ardour with that of Jerome, and who did not, like him, penetrate into the designs of heaven—Dorotheus, who still mingled with his religion, the weakness of humanity, did not believe it possible for Cymodocea to join her spouse.

"It would be," said he, "to deliver yourself up to Hierocles, without the hope of saving, or even seeing Eudorus, should he already have fallen into the hands of our enemies. Permit me to accompany you to your father's dwelling; your presence will restore him to life. We will hide

you in some secret grotto, and I will go to Rome in search of the son of Lasthenes."

"I am young and without experience," replied Cymodocea; "conduct me, kindest of men: thy Christian daughter will obey thy advice."

There was but one vessel at the port of Ptolemais, ready to sail for Thessalonica: of this the new Christian and her generous conductor were obliged to take advantage. They concealed themselves under fictitious names, and left that port which Saint Louis, rescued from the hands of the infidels, was, so many ages after, to render illustrious by his virtues.

Alas, Cymodocea went to seek her father on the banks of the Pamisus, while the old man himself in vain demanded his daughter on the shores of the Tiber! A stranger at Rome, unprotected, without support, he had calculated on the aid of Eudorus; but the confessor, separated from mankind, could neither hear nor assist him.

At the foot of mount Aventine, beneath the walls of the capitol, rose an ancient prison of state, erected in the age of Romulus. From the bottom of this dungeon the accomplices of Cataline had heard the voice of Cicero, who accused them in the temple of Concord. The imprisonment of Saint Peter and Saint Paul had afterwards purified this receptacle of criminals. It was there that Eudorus each day expected the order which

was to deliver him to the judges. It was there that he had received the tidings of his mother's death, as the commencement of his sacrifice. He had frequently addressed letters, filled with religion and tenderness, to the daughter of Homer; some had been intercepted by his persecutors—others, lost in the waves; but, even in prison, he tasted of those consolations and that joy of grief, which are known only to Christians. Every day brought companions in misfortune and glory.

When a rich husbandman gathers his new-mown harvests, he heaps in a spacious barn both the grain which is to be trodden out by mules, that which gives up its treasures under the strokes of the flail, and that which the heavy cylinder separates from the light straw; the village echoes with the cries of the master and his servants, with the voice of the women who prepare the festival, the clamours of children sporting among the sheaves, the lowing of the oxen which drag or go for the yellow stalks: thus Galerius assembles, from all parts of the world, in the prisons of Saint Peter, the most illustrious Christians; the fine wheat of the elect—the divine harvest which is to enrich the good husbandman. Eudorus saw arrive, one after another, those friends whom he had formerly known among the Gauls, in Egypt, in Greece, in Italy: he embraces Victor, Sebastian, Rogatian, Gervasius, Protasius, Lactantius, Arnobius, the hermit of Vesuvius, and the descendant of

Perseus, who prepared to die, more like a king, for the throne of Jesus Christ, than his ancestor did for the crown of Alexander. The bishop of Lacedæmon, Cyrillus, also came to increase the joys of the dungeon. Each remembrance occasioned transport, hymns to Divine Providence, and the kiss of peace. These confessors had transformed the prison into a church, where night and day were heard the praises of the Most High. The Christians who were not yet imprisoned, envied the fate of these victims. The soldiers who guarded the martyrs were often converted by their discourses; the gaolers, surrendering their keys to other hands, joined themselves to the number of the prisoners. Perfect order was established among these companions in suffering. They appeared rather like a peaceful and well-regulated family than a crowd of men who were prepared for death. Pious frauds procured for the confessors all the comforts of humanity and religion. Ten persecutions had rendered the church skilful. Priests, deacons disguised as soldiers, as merchants, as slaves, as women, even as children, by ingenious and holy impostures, penetrated into the prisons, to the bottom of mines, and even to the foot of the funeral pile. From a secret retreat, the pontiff of Rome directed the movements of their zeal. An inviolable fidelity, that of religion and misfortune, was the bond of union between these brothers. The church as-

sisted not her own children alone; she watched over the unfortunate of a hostile religion; she received them into her bosom: a spirit of charity led her to forget her own woes, to provide for the wants of the miserable.*

The Faithful, assembled in the prisons, were witnesses of the most wonderful adventures. How much was Eudorus one day surprised at recognizing in the garb of a servant of the dungeon, the beautiful and accomplished Aglaia!

"Eudorus," said she to him, "Sebastian has been pierced with arrows† at the entrance of the catacombs; Pacomius has retired to the deserts of the Thebais; Boniface has kept his word: he has sent me his relics in the name of a martyr: Boniface has confessed Jesus Christ! May heaven bestow the same honour on an unhappy sinner!"

At another time they heard a great uproar,

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* See Cave, part ii, chap. 2.

† Sebastian was informed against and betrayed to Fabian, the prætor, by Torquatus a pretended Christian: he was charged by the emperor with breach of confidence and ingratitude in joining the enemies of the gods and of the emperor. Sebastian answered his accusers with so much zeal and firmness, that he was ordered to be taken to the Campus Martius, and there to be shot to death with arrows; he was left by his executioners for dead, but was taken up by some Christians who attended for the purpose of burying his corpse, and so far restored, as soon to be ready for a second martyrdom. Fox's Mart. p. 71.

and Genes, that celebrated actor, was introduced into the prison.

" Fear me no longer," cried he when entering, " I am your brother! Even now I blasphemed your holy mysteries: I amused the surrounding crowd: in my criminal sports, I demanded martyrdom and baptism. As soon as the water touched me, I saw a hand which came from heaven, and shining Angels around my head; they have erased my sins which were written in a book. Suddenly changed, I cried with earnestness, " I am a Christian!" They laughed; they refused to believe me. I related what I had seen. They beat me with rods, and I am come to die with you."

So saying, Genes embraced Eudorus. The son of Lasthenes, in the midst of the confessors, attracted universal attention. The hermit of Vesuvius recalled to his recollection their meeting at the tomb of Scipio, and the hopes which he had thence conceived of his virtue. The confessor of the Gauls said to him:

" You remember that we wished to be united at Rome, as we now are. You were then very far from that glory with which this day crowns you."

Whilst the prisoners were conversing respecting their fate, they saw a man enter wearing the cloak of an old soldier, and bowed down by age; they had not noticed him among the Christians

who attended the dungeons: he brought to the martyrs the holy viaticum which Marcelline sent to the bishop of Lacedæmon. The dim light of the prison was insufficient to render the features of the old man visible; he asks for Eudorus; he is shewn to him at prayer: he approaches him —he folds him in his enfeebled arms, and shedding tears, presses him to his bosom. At length with sobs of tenderness, he cries:

"I am Zachariah."

"Zachariah!"—repeats Eudorus, full of joy and anxiety—"Zachariah! you, my father! you, Zachariah!"

He falls at the knees of the old man.

"Ah, my son," says the apostle of the Franks, "rise! It is for me to prostrate myself. What am I, compared with you, but a useless and an obscure old man."

They assembled around the two friends; they expressed a wish to know their history; Eudorus related it; tears flowed from every eye. The son of Lasthenes inquired from Zachariah what design of Providence had brought him from the shores of the Elbe to the banks of the Tiber.

"My son," replied the descendant of Cassius, "the Franks have been vanquished by Constantius. Pharamond had transferred me to a small tribe which, being completely subdued, was removed to the vicinity of the colony of Agrippina. The persecution has unexpectedly taken

place: as it does not yet prevail among the Gauls, where Cæsar protects the Christians, the bishops of Lutetia and Lugdunum have chosen a certain number of priests to minister to the confessors in the other parts of the empire. I thought it my duty to offer myself in preference to younger disciples, whose age entitles them, rather than myself, to life. My request was granted: I have been sent to Rome."

Zachariah then apprized Eudorus of the safe arrival of Constantine at the army, of the sickness of Constantius, and the favourable disposition of the soldiers towards his son. This information re-animated the fortitude of the Christians, and sustained them in these moments of trial. Eudorus had never been without hope, although the Christians had lost their powerful protectress: Prisca had accompanied her husband to Salona, and Valeria had been banished to Asia by Galerius. From the bottom of the prisons, Eudorus had even devised a plan for the safety of the church and of the world: he hoped to prevail on Dioclesian to re-assume the government; and he had sent a messenger to him in the name of the Faithful.

The whole Church relied upon the courage, the prudence, and the advice of Eudorus—whilst Cymodocea claimed protection from her spouse in vain. She approached the shores of Macedonia. The men, who surrounded her, inspired

constant fear. The soldiers and sailors, plunged, from morning till night, in debauchery and intoxication, each moment insulted her innocence. They soon discovered that Dorotheus and the daughter of Demodocus were Christians. There is a virtue in the Cross which at once betrays itself to the look of vice. This discovery increased the insolence of these Barbarians. Sometimes they threatened to deliver the unfortunate couple into the hands of the executioners, as soon as they reached the shore; sometimes, to throw them into the sea to appease the rage of Neptune; they sung the most abominable songs in the ears of Cymodocea; and her beauty inflaming their brutal passions, there was reason to fear that they would proceed to the extremity of outrage.

Dorotheus defended innocence with the prudence of a father and the courage of a hero. But what could one man do against a troop of furious tigers!

The Son of the Eternal, attended by the celestial choirs, at this moment returned from the most distant bounds of creation. He had left the incorruptible abodes, to impart life and youth to ancient worlds. Passing from globe to globe, from sun to sun, his majestic steps had traversed all those spheres which are inhabited by divine Intelligences, and perhaps by men unknown to man. Having entered the impenetrable sanctuary, he seats himself at the right hand of God: his

peaceful looks are soon directed towards the earth. Of all the works of the Omnipotent, none is more interesting in his eyes than man. The Saviour perceives the vessel of Cymodocea: he sees the danger of that innocent victim, who is to draw down on the Gentiles the blessing of the God of Israel. If Heaven exposes this new Christian to trials, it is to afford her strength to surmount the last afflictions which are to crown her with immortal glory. But the trial has been sufficient—Cymodocea shall not wander far from the theatre of her victory. The day of her triumph has arrived, and the eternal decrees summon to the place of combat the predestined virgin.

By a signal communicated from the bosom of the clouds, Immanuel imparts the pleasure of the Most High to the Angel of the seas. Immediately the wind, which has hitherto been favourable to the vessel of Cymodocea, dies away; a profound calm reigns through the air; scarcely do the uncertain breezes, which now and then spring up on different sides, ruffle the level surface of the waves, and agitate the sails which they are unable to fill. The sun grows pale in the midst of his course, and the azure of the sky, variegated by streaks of a greenish hue, seems to dissolve in a discoloured and gloomy light. The livid furrows extend without end over a heavy and lifeless sea; the pilot, raising his hands exclaims:

" Oh Neptune, with what dost thou threaten us? If my skill does not deceive me, never has a more horrible tempest swelled the waves than that which now approaches."

He orders the sails to be instantly let down, and each one prepares himself for danger.

The clouds heap together between the south and east; their dark battalions appear in the horizon like a black army or like distant rocks. The sun descending behind these clouds, pierces them with a lurid ray, and exhibits to view, through the dense vapours, their menacing depths. Night arrives; thick darkness envelopes the vessel; the sailor cannot distinguish his companion who stands trembling at his side.

A sudden movement proceeding from the regions of Aurora, announces that God has opened the repository of the storms. The barrier which restrained the whirlwind is broken, and the four winds of Heaven appear before the Lord of the seas. The vessel flies and presents its roaring stern to the impetuous east wind; all night does it plough the sparkling billows. Day returns and sheds its light but to enable them to distinguish the tempest: the surges roll on with terrible uniformity. But for the masts and the hulk of the ship against which the wind impetuously dashes, no sound would be heard upon the waves. Nothing is more terrible than this silence in the midst of confusion, this order in the midst of

disorder. How shall they save themselves from a tempest, whose design and whose fury seem to have been pre-meditated?

For nine whole days was the vessel hurried towards the west with irresistible force. The tenth night was completing its course, when they perceived, by the glare of the lightning, a dark coast which appears of an immeasurable height. Shipwreck seemed inevitable. The captain stationed each mariner at his post, and ordered the passengers to retire to the hold of the vessel; they obeyed, and heard the fatal plank fall over them.

It is in such moments that the characters of men are best learned. A slave sung with a strong voice; a woman wept while suckling her infant, which ere long would probably have no need of her maternal care; a disciple of Zeno bewailed his approaching fate. Cymodocea wept for her father and her husband, and prayed, with Dorotheus, to him who can rescue us even from the jaws of the monsters of the abyss.

A violent concussion tears open the galley; a torrent of water rushes into the retreat of the passengers; they are thrown promiscuously together. A stifled cry issues from this dreadful chaos.

A wave had driven in the stern of the ship: the daughter of Homer and Dorotheus were thrown to the bottom of the stairs which led to the deck. Half suffocated they ascend. What a spectacle meets their view! The vessel was

stranded upon a bank of sand: at the distance of two bow shots from the prow, a green and slimy rock rises perpendicularly above the waves. Some sailors, swept off by the surge, are swimming here and there in the immense gulf; others hold fast by the cordage and the anchors. The captain cuts away the mast of the vessel with an axe; and the deserted rudder beats to and fro with a hoarse and grating sound.

One feeble ray of hope remained; another wave might raise the vessel and carry her to the other side of the sand bank. But who would have courage to direct the rudder in such a moment? One false motion of the pilot would occasion the death of two hundred souls! The mariners, overpowered by fear, no longer insulted the two Christians; on the contrary, they acknowledged the power of their God, and intreated them to obtain their deliverance from him. Cymodocea, forgetting their outrages and her dangers, threw herself on her knees, and pronounced a vow to the mother of the Saviour. Dorotheus seizes the abandoned helm; his eyes turned towards the stern, his mouth open, he awaits the surge which is to roll life or death upon the vessel. The surge rises, it approaches, it breaks; the rudder turns with an effort on the rusted hinges; the neighbouring rock seems to change its place, and with a mingled emotion of joy and dreadful doubt, they feel that the vessel

rises and is carried rapidly along. A moment of most horrid silence reigns on board. A voice demands the lead; the lead is thrown—they are in deep water—a cry of joy ascends to Heaven!

Star of the seas, patroness of mariners, the preservation of these unfortunates was a miracle of thy divine goodness! They beheld—not an imaginary god raise his head above the waves and command them to be silent—but a supernatural light opened the clouds; in the midst of a radiant glory, they saw a celestial female carrying an infant in her arms, and calming the billows with a smile. The crew threw themselves at the feet of Cymodocea, and confessed Jesus Christ: the first recompense which the Eternal granted to the virtues of a persecuted virgin!

The vessel gently approached the shore, on which stood a deserted Christian chapel. Sacks, filled with stones, fastened to a Tyrian cable, and the sacred anchor,* the last resource in shipwreck, were thrown to the bottom of the sea. Having succeeded in securing the galley, they hastened to abandon her. Like a queen surrounded by a troop of captives, whom she had just delivered from slavery, Cymodocea lands, supported on the shoulders of the sailors. At the same moment

* The ships of the ancients were provided with several anchors; the largest of which was called ἱερα, *sacred*, and was never used but in extreme danger.

she accomplished her vow. She approached towards the ruined chapel. The sailors followed her in pairs, half-naked and covered with the foam of the waves. Perhaps by chance, perhaps by the design of heaven, there remained in this desert asylum a half-broken image of Maria. The spouse of Eudorus suspended on it her veil, all wet with the waves of the sea. Cymodocea took possession of a land reserved for her glory; she entered Italy in triumph.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cymodocea, arrested by the satellites of Hierocles, is conducted to Rome. Popular commotion. Cymodocea, rescued from the hands of Hierocles, is thrown into prison as a Christian. Disgrace of Hierocles. He is ordered to depart for Alexandria. Letter from Eudorus to Cymodocea.

BOOK XX.

AURORA had again summoned mortals to a renewal of their fatigues and their sorrows; on every side they resumed their painful labours: the husbandman followed the plough, while his sweat watered the furrow which the ox had marked; the forge resounded with the strokes of the hammer which fell in cadence on the sparkling iron; a confused murmur arose from the cities. No galley decorated with streamers was seen near Cymodocea: no chariot drawn by four white horses awaited her upon the shore. The honours which Italy prepared for her were those appointed for the Christians—persecution and death.

The decrees of Heaven had conducted the daughter of Homer not far from Tarentum, under a projecting promontory which concealed from the view of the shipwrecked mariners the country of Archytas.* The pilot ascended some lofty rocks, and looking round, exclaimed:

* Archytas, the son of Hestiæus of Tarentum, redeemed his master Plato from captivity, and was, for his many virtues, seven times chosen, by his fellow-citizens, governor of Taren-

"Italy, Italy!"

At this name Cymodocea felt her knees sink under her; her bosom heaved like the wave swelled by the wind. Dorotheus was obliged to support her in his arms: such was the joy that she experienced on treading the same ground with her husband. Although God had separated her from her father, whom she supposed to be still in Messenia, she might however fly to Rome.

"I am now a Christian," said she: "Eudorus will no longer prevent me from sharing his sorrows."

While Cymodocea pronounced these words, she saw a vessel doubling the neighbouring promontory. It was dragged along by a bark laden with soldiers. The sailors cease to row. The soldiers cut the rope by which the vessel was drawn: the vessel stops—she gradually sinks, and disappears beneath the waves.

It was one of those gallies which were filled with poor and miserable men whom Galerius caused to be drowned near these solitary shores.* Some of the victims, disengaged from their prison by the waves, swam towards the bark of the sol-

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tum. He invented some mathematical instruments, and is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could fly. He flourished about B. C. 390.

* Socrates makes mention of fourscore Christians who, by command of the emperor Valens, were put into a ship, which being taken out to sea was there fired.

diers; these repulsed them with their pikes, and uniting ridicule to cruelty, sent them to sup with Neptune. At sight of this spectacle the sailors of Cymodocea's galley fled affrighted along the shore; but Dorotheus and his companion could not divest their hearts of humanity, that characteristic mark of a Christian. They call to those unfortunate men who still struggled against death; they stretch out their hands to them; they succeed in rescuing them. The minions of Galerius land; they surround Dorotheus and the daughter of Demodocus.

"Who are you," cries the centurion in a threatening tone, "who do not fear the consequences of preserving from death the enemies of the emperor."

"I am Dorotheus," replied the Christian, whose indignation betrayed his prudence—"I perform but the common duties of humanity. Alas, is it necessary that Tarentum should defend its irritated gods, by the destruction of every sentiment of pity and justice?"

At the name of Dorotheus, which was known throughout the empire, the centurion did not dare to lay hands on a man of such elevated rank, but he demanded the name of that female, whose imprudent compassion, by violating the edicts, had rendered her criminal.

"She is certainly a Christain!" exclaimed he, struck with her humanity and her modesty.

"Where go you? Whence do you come? How came you here? Do you not know that no one is allowed to enter Italy without a particular order from Hierocles?"

Dorotheus related his shipwreck, and endeavoured to conceal the name of his companion. The centurion went on board the grounded galley.

When threatened by the sailors, Cymodocea, supposing that she was about to lose her life, had written two farewell letters filled with expressions of sorrow and affection. These letters, which remained on board, apprized the soldiers of her name, and a cross found on her bed, disclosed her religion; thus Philomela betrays herself to the fowler by her songs of love; thus are queens recognized by their sceptre.

The centurion said to Dorotheus:

"I am compelled to retain you and this Messenian in my custody. The orders against the Christians are executed with all their rigour; and if I were to set you at liberty, I should run the risk of losing my life. I will despatch a messenger to the minister of the emperor, who will determine your fate."

Hierocles at this time exercised absolute power over the Roman world; but he was a prey to the greatest uneasiness.* Publius, prefect of Rome, began to dispute successfully with him the favour of Galerius. The rival of Hierocles thwarted all his plans. Tired of expecting the return of

Cymodocea, did the persecutor wish to deliver up Eudorus to torments?—Publius found some means of delaying the sacrifice. Faithful to his first designs, did Hierocles recal the sentence against the son of Lasthenes?—Publius said to the emperor:

"Why does not thy minister abandon to the sword the dangerous chief of the rebels?"

The silence of the east respecting the daughter of Homer, also alarmed the criminal love of the persecutor. In his impatience, he had stationed centinels at all the ports of Italy and Sicily. Numerous couriers brought him, night and day, tidings from the shore. In the midst of this perplexity, he received the message from Tarentum. At the name of Cymodocea, he uttered a cry of joy, and sprung from his bed; so does the poet of Ilion represent the monarch of Tartarus, when starting from his throne. With trembling lips and eyes wild with lust and joy, he exclaims:

"Let my Messenian slave be brought into my presence! My good fortune restores her to me."

Meanwhile he orders the officer of the palace of Dioclesian to be set at liberty.

Dorotheus had at Rome numerous partisans, and zealous protectors even among the Pagans. This just man had never used his fortune and his power but for the purpose of preventing oppression and protecting innocence. At this moment he reaped the reward of his virtues, and public

opinion afforded him a defence against a wicked minister. The meeting between this powerful Christian and Cymodocea, appeared to Hierocles the effect of chance: he felt no inclination to create new enemies, while he had already to combat Publius. The apostate was conscious that public hatred was gathering over his head: and it was from a fear of exciting the populace in favour of an old priest of the gods, that he suffered Demodocus to wander in obscurity through Rome. God began to blind the wretch. Instead of proceeding directly to his purpose, he embarrassed himself by his caution; and by management, artifice, and calculation, was about to fall into the snares which he intended to avoid. In the eyes of the multitude Hierocles still appeared all-powerful; but a discerning eye discovered in him the signs of decay and downfal: so rises an oak, whose summit touches the sky, and whose roots descend to the centre: it seems to defy the winter, the winds, and the thunderbolt; the traveller, seated at its foot, admires its unshaken branches which have seen the generations of man pass away; but the shepherd who contemplates the king of the forests from the height of a hill, observes a withered top above its verdant foliage.

Upon a hill which overlooked the amphitheatre of Vespasian, Titus had built a palace out of the ruins of the golden mansion of Nero. There were collected all the master pieces of Greece.

Vast ranges of pillars, halls whose sides were covered with eastern marble, and pavements of costly mosaic, presented to view the miracles of ancient sculpture; the Mercury of Zenodorus, which had been carried off from the city of Avernum by the Gauls, attracted attention by its colossal dimensions which detracted nothing from the effect of its lightness; the female performer on the flute, by Lysippus,* seemed to smile at staggering under the power of Bacchus; the brazen Venus of Praxiteles† disputed the palm of beauty with the marble Venus of the same divine artist; his weeping Matron and his laughing Phryne evinced the versatility of his art; the passion of

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* Such was the skill and reputation of this sculptor, who flourished about B. C. 325, that in the age of Augustus, his statues were bought for their weight in gold.

† Praxiteles was one of the most celebrated statuaries of Greece. He worked chiefly in Parian marble, on account of its beautiful whiteness. He was employed by the people of Cos to make them a statue of Venus: he made two—one naked, the other veiled—of which he gave them their choice. The first was superior in beauty and perfection, but the modesty of the inhabitants of Cos induced them to prefer the latter. The naked Venus was bought by the Cnidians, and was so much admired, that Nicomedes, king of Bythinia, offered the Cnidians to pay an enormous debt, for them, if they would let him have their favourite statue; which they refused. The most celebrated of all his statues was that of Cupid. See an account of Phryne's artful stratagem to discover which of his works Praxiteles most valued. Trav. of Anach. vol. iii, p. 317.

the sculptor betrayed itself in the features of the courtesan, which seemed to promise to genius the reward of love. Near Phryne, admiration was excited by the Lioness, the ingenious symbol of that other courtesan,* who died under torments rather than betray Harmodius and Aristogiton. The statue of Desire, by which lust is excited; those of a recumbent Mars and a seated Vesta, immortalized the talents of Scopas.† To all these inestimable monuments, Galerius added the brazen Bull which Perillus invented for Phalaris.‡

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* This was Leæna, the mistress of Harmodius, who is said to have behaved with an intrepidity equal to that of Aristogiton himself (see note, vol. ii, p. 211, supra): for fearing lest the pains of torture might extort from her a confession of their accomplices, she bit off her tongue and spit it out.

† Scopas was an eminent sculptor and architect of Ephesus, and was one of the four artists employed by queen Artemisia to erect a costly monument to the memory of her beloved husband, Mausolus, and which was hence called *Mausoleum*. This structure was one of the grandest productions of antiquity, and was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. Trav. of Anach. vol. iii, p. 247.

‡ Phalaris was tyrant of Agrigentum—such was his wanton love of cruelty, that when Pyrillus presented him with a brazen bull, which he had made to gratify the tyrant in affording him a new mode of torturing his subjects, and which was so constructed as to cause the cries of those who were confined within while the engine was surrounded with flames, to resemble the bellowings of the animal which it represented, he ordered the inventor to be seized, and the first experiment to be made on the miserable artist. In a revolt of the

The new emperor inhabited this beautiful palace. Hierocles, his worthy minister, occupied a wing in this dwelling of the world's master. The apartments of the stoic philosopher surpassed in magnificence even those of Galerius. On the highly polished walls were delineated delightful landscapes, extensive forests, and refreshing cascades. The pictures of the greatest masters ornamented the enchanted baths and the voluptuous closets: here appeared the Lacinian Juno: as a model for this master-piece, the Agrigentines had formerly presented their naked daughters to the view of Zeuxis: there, was the Venus of Apelles rising from the waves, worthy to reign over the gods, or to be loved by Alexander. The Satyr of Protogones was seen dying for love: the inhabitant of the woods expired upon the moss at the entrance of a grotto hung with ivy; his flute was falling from his hand, his thyrsus was broken, his bowl overturned; and such was the art of the painter, that he had united all the sensuality of love in the brute with the refinement of affection in man. Unhappy he who has removed the elegant arts from the temples of the divinity, to decorate the abodes of mortals! There the sublime works of meditation and of genius become

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Agrigentines in the tenth year of his reign, Phalaris was deposed and subjected to the same torture which Pyrillus and so many of his subjects had been obliged to undergo.

the causes, the elements, the witnesses of the greatest crimes, or at the most shameful passions.

Hierocles awaited the daughter of Demodocus in the most beautiful hall of his palace. At one extremity of this hall the statue of Apollo, who overcame the serpent-enemy of Latona, seemed to breathe; at the opposite extremity rose the group of Laocoon and his sons, as if the sage, in the midst of his pleasures, could not dispense with the image of suffering humanity. Purple, gold, crystal, sparkled on every side. The soft murmurs of waters, and the sounds of distant music were continually heard. The rarest flowers of Asia embalmed the air, and the most exquisite perfumes burned in vases of alabaster.

The minions of Hierocles at length bring before him the prey which he had so long pursued. Through obscure windings and secret gates, which are carefully closed behind her, Cymodocea is conducted to the feet of the persecutor. The slaves retire, and the daughter of Demodocus remains alone with a monster who fears neither gods nor men.

She concealed her grief under the folds of her veil. Nothing was heard but her sobs, like the murmuring torrent of the forest which strikes the ear while its source is unseen. Her bosom, agitated by fear, heaved her white robe. She filled the hall with a kind of light like that brilliancy which emanates from the bodies of Angels and of happy spirits.

Hierocles remains for a moment confounded before the authority of innocence, weakness and distress. His eager looks feed upon her charms. He contemplates with terrific ardour her whom he had never seen so near him—her whose hand or veil he had never touched—her whose voice he had never heard but among the choirs of the Virgins, and who had nevertheless governed the days, the nights, the thoughts, the dreams, the crimes of the apostate. The passion of this man devoted to Hell soon overcomes the first moments of hesitation and perplexity. He at first affects a moderation which love, jealousy, vengeance and pride banish from his soul. He addresses these words to Cymodocea:

"Cymodocea, why this terror and these tears? You know that I love you. Is then a lover so dreadful? Subservient to your every wish, I will obey you like your slave, if you will but consent to listen to me!"

Hierocles took the daughter of Homer by the hand, seated her on a sofa of purple from Elis, and placed himself by her side.

The voluptuous words which issued from the mouth of a man thirsty for blood, were horrible. The atheist attempted the language of seduction:

"Idol of my soul, why are you silent? Why is this lovely head always veiled? Permit me to see those eyes which inflame my heart. Let that divine mouth condescend to smile upon me. Tell

me, what do you wish? Palaces, honours, riches —all shall be yours. You may dispose at pleasure of the world, now under my sway. Command, and I will make the universe fall at your feet."

The insolent favourite of Galerius raises the veil of Cymodocea. He stands dazzled by the charms which he discovers. The virgin blushes, and hiding in her bosom her face bathed with tears: "I desire nothing of yours, she says, I ask nothing from you but to be restored to my father. The woods of Pamisus are more agreeable to my heart than all your palaces."

"Well," replied Hierocles, "I will restore you to your father: I will load the venerable old man with glory and riches: but remember that an useless resistance may destroy forever the author of your being."

"Will you also restore me to my husband?" cried Cymodocea, joining her supplicating hands.

At this name Hierocles grew pale, and scarcely restraining his rage:

"What," said he, "to that perfidious wretch, who has possessed himself of your heart by philtres and enchantments?"

"His enchantments," returned Cymodo "are his misfortunes, his love and his beauty

"Cease this language," cried Hierocles, tr ported beyond himself. "Listen: do you wis save this rebellious Christian? He is abou

lose his life in the midst of torments. Judge of my love for you: I will rescue this odious rival from death."

The deceived Cymodocea, uttering a cry of joy, fell at the feet of Hierocles: she embraced his knees.

"Illustrious Sir," said she, "you are indeed the head of the sages. Demodocus my father has often told me that philosophy elevates mortals above those which I formerly called the gods. Protect then, oh master of mankind, protect innocence, and unite a husband and wife unjustly persecuted."

"Divine nymph," exclaimed Hierocles transported with love—"arise! Do you not see that your charms have destroyed the effect of your prayers? And who would yield you to a rival? Wisdom, too lovely fair one, consists in pursuing the inclinations of our heart. Do not believe in a barbarous religion which would control your senses. The precepts of purity, modesty and innocence, are without doubt useful to the multitude; but the wise man enjoys in secret the pleasures of nature. The gods either do not exist, or do not interfere with things below. Come then, lovely virgin, come: let us abandon ourselves without remorse to the delights of love, and the favours of fortune."

At these words Hierocles throws his arms round Cymodocea, as a serpent twines round a

young palm-tree, or round an altar consecrated to modesty. The daughter of Demodocus disengages herself, indignantly, from the embrace of the monster.

"What," said she, "is this the language of wisdom? Enemy of heaven, darest thou talk of virtue? Didst thou not promise me to save Eudorus?"

"You have misunderstood me," cried Hierocles, his heart throbbing with jealousy and love, "you talk too much to me of this man who is more hateful in my eyes than that Hell with which the Christians threaten me. The love that you feel for him is the decree of his death. For the last time, know at what price I will suffer Eudorus to live; he dies, if you are not mine."

Reprobation appears upon the countenance of Hierocles. A smile of agony contracts his lips, and drops of blood fall from his eyes. The Christian, who has been hitherto appalled, feels herself suddenly raised by the blow which was meant to sink her. Terror exists but in the commencement of misfortune; when the cup of adversity is full, we find, while retreating from earth, regions of calmness and serenity: thus, when the traveller mounts along the banks of an impetuous torrent, he is affrighted in the valley by the tumult of the waves: but as he ascends the mountain, the waters diminish, the noise dies away, and his path terminates in the abodes of silence, in the vicinity of heaven.

Cymodocea regards Hierocles with a look of contempt:

"I understand you," said she, "and I now see why my husband has not yet received his crown: but know, that I will not purchase by dishonour the life of the warrior whom I love as I do the light of heaven. There is no punishment which Eudorus would not prefer to that of seeing me thine; feeble as he is, my husband laughs at your power: you can but confer on him the palm, and I hope to share it with him."

No," exclaimed the furious Hierocles, "I will not lose the fruit of so many sufferings, humiliations and artifices: I will obtain by force what you deny me, and you shall see the traitor perish whom you refuse to save."

He says and pursues Cymodocea who flies through the spacious hall. Twice did he drag her back to the statue of Laocoon—twice did the innocent victim escape from the arms of the tyrant: their contest resembled the funeral games, and a race round a tomb. Panting, breathless, ready to expire, the daughter of Demodocus at last stops before the group of the priest of Apollo and his sons; she threatens her persecutor to dash her head against the marble; she embraces the statue, and appears like a third child expiring with grief at the feet of an unfortunate father.

"My father," cries she, "my father! will you

not come to succour me? Holy virgin, have pity upon me."

Scarcely had she uttered this prayer, when the palace resounded with the tumultuous clamours of a thousand voices. Redoubled strokes fall like thunder on the brazen gate. The astonished Hierocles suspends his pursuit. God, by a sudden terror, arrests the steps and freezes the heart of the sinner.

"It is the holy virgin," cried Cymodocea—"she comes! Wretch, thou wilt be punished!"

The noise increases: Hierocles opens the door of a gallery which overlooks the courts of the palace; he perceives an immense crowd; in the midst is an old man who holds the branch of a supplicant, and wears the robe and the fillet of a priest of the gods. He hears from every side these cries:

"Let his daughter be restored to him! Let the traitor be delivered to the suppliant of the Roman people!"

The words reach Cymodocea; she darts to the portico; she distinguishes her father—Demodocus at Rome! From the height of the palace, Cymodocea extends her head, opens her arms, and bends towards Demodocus. A cry ascends:

"Behold her! It is a priestess of the Muses! It is the daughter of this old priest of the gods!"

Demodocus recognizes his daughter; he pro-

nounces her name; he sheds torrents of tears; he tears his garment; he stretches his suppliant hands towards the people. Hierocles summons his slaves; he attempts to carry off Cymodocea; the crowd exclaims:

"On peril of your life, Hierocles; we will tear you to pieces if you commit the least outrage upon this virgin of the Muses."

Some soldiers who had mixed with the people, drew their swords and threatened the persecutor. Cymodocea clung to the columns of the portico; the queen of the Angels retained her there by invisible bands: nothing could remove her chaste.

At this moment, Galerius, terrified by the uproar which he heard in his palace, appeared upon an opposite balcony, surrounded by his courtiers and his guards. The people cry:

"Justice, Cæsar, justice!"

The emperor, by a motion of his hand, commanded silence, and the Roman people, with that good sense which characterised them, were mute, and listened:

The prefect of Rome, who secretly favoured this scene for the purpose of ruining Hierocles, stood near Galerius; he asks the people:

"What do you wish from the justice of Augustus?"

"Old man, answer," exclaim the crowd.

Demodocus speaks:

"Son of Jupiter and Hercules, divine emperor, have pity on a father who reclaims his daughter: Hierocles has confined her in this palace; you see her with dishevelled hair on that portico near her ravisher: he intends to offer violence to a priestess of the Muses: I myself am a priest of the gods: protect innocence, old age, and our altars."

Hierocles replies from the portico:

"He deceives you, divine Augustus, and you people of Rome; this Greek is a Christian slave of whom he unjustly endeavours to deprive me."

Demodocus returns:

"She is not a Christian; my daughter is not a slave: I am a Roman citizen. People, listen not to your enemy."

"Is your daughter a Christian?" cried the people with one voice.

"No," replied Demodocus—"she is priestess of the Muses; it is indeed true, that for the purpose of espousing a Christian, she wished ——"

"Is she a Christian?" interrupted the people. "Let her answer for herself."

Cymodocea raising her eyes to heaven, exclaims:

"I am a Christian."

"No, thou art not," cried Demodocus with tears. "Canst thou have the cruelty to wish to be forever separated from thy father? Augustus, people of Rome, my daughter hath not yet been marked with the seal of the new religion."

At this moment the daughter of Homer perceived Dorotheus in the midst of the crowd.

"My father," said the weeping virgin, "I see Dorotheus near you; it is surely he who has brought you hither to save me; he knows that I am a Christian; that I have been marked with the seal of my religion: he was the witness of my felicity. I cannot deny my faith; I would be the wife of Eudorus."

The people address Dorotheus:

"Is she a Christian?"

Dorotheus bowed his head, but did not answer.

"You see," cried Hierocles, "she is a Christian! I demand my slave."

The astonished people remain undecided between their fury against the Christians, their hatred of Galerius, and their compassion towards Cymodocea: they know not how at once to satisfy their justice and their feelings.

"Cymodocea is a Christian," say they, "let her be delivered to the prefect of Rome, and suffer the fate of the Christians; but let her be taken from Hierocles, whose slave she cannot be, for Demodocus is a Roman citizen."

Augustus confirms this sentence by a nod, and Publius hastens to execute it.

Having retired into his palace, Galerius was agitated by emotions of shame and anger: he could not pardon Hierocles for having been the cause of a seditious assemblage which had dared to violate even the asylum of the prince.

The prefect of Rome returned in search of Galerius.

"Augustus," said he to him, "the riot is quelled; this Messenian Christian has been thrown into prison. Prince, I cannot conceal from you, that your minister has endangered the safety of the empire: he pretends to be an enemy to the Christians, nevertheless he has for a long time spared the life of the most dangerous of the rebels. Cymodocea was betrothed to Eudorus; it is very unfortunate that your prime minister should be engaged in a ridiculous contest of jealousy with the chief of your enemies."

Publius, observing the effect which these remarks produced, continued:

"But, Prince, these are not the only crimes of Hierocles; you should have nominated him Augustus; this Greek, who owes every thing to your bounty, you should have clothed with the purple——"

At these words Publius hesitated, as if he concerted in his bosom circumstances still more injurious to the majesty of the prince. Galerius blushed, and the skilful courtier saw that he had touched the secret wound.

Publius had not been ignorant of the arrival of Dorotheus, his interview with Demodocus, and the steps of the latter to conduct the crowd to the palace: it had been easy for Publius to have prevented the popular commotion; but he was

careful not to crush a plot which might hurl Hierocles from his power: he, indeed, favoured through his agents the designs of Demodocus; master of all the springs which set this great machine in motion, his insidious words completed the alarm of Galerius.

"Let me be freed from this Christian and his accomplices," said the emperor. "I see with regret that Hierocles can no longer remain near me; but as a recompense for his past services, I appoint him governor of Egypt."

Publius, filled with joy, answered:

"Let your divine majesty commit all these cares to me. Eudorus deserves death a thousand times; but since his treasons are not sufficiently established, it will be enough to sit in judgment upon him as a Christian. As to Cymodocea, she shall be condemned in her turn with the crowd of the impious. Hierocles shall receive the orders of your Eternity."

Thus spake Publius, and immediately communicated his fate to Hierocles.

The wicked minister again and again perused the letter of the emperor, which banished him from court. His pale cheeks, his wild eyes, his open mouth, exhibited the misery of a guilty courtier when all the dreams of his life vanish in a moment.

"God of the Christians," cried he, "it is thou who pursuest me! To obtain Cymodocea, I

have suffered Eudorus to live; but Cymodocea has escaped me, and my rival will die by another hand than mine! I despised an obscure old man at Rome, and I thought proper to liberate a powerful Christian; and now Demodocus and Dorotheus have occasioned my destruction! Oh, the blindness of human prudence! Oh the vanity and ostentation of wisdom, which has been unable to preserve my power, and which cannot now console me!"

Such were the confessions which anguish extorted from Hierocles. Tears of rage bedewed his eye-lids. He deplored his fate with the weakness of a woman of little sense and less fortitude; he still however would have wished to save Cymodocea, but the coward dared not to hazard his life.

While Hierocles was hesitating between a thousand plans—unable to determine whether to brave the storm, or to exile himself, Dorotheus informed Eudorus of the arrival of Cymodocea and of the occurrences at the palace. The confessors assembled round the son of Lasthenes, and congratulated him on having chosen a wife so courageous and faithful. The joy of Eudorus was great, although somewhat alloyed by the prospect of those new perils which the young Christian had to encounter.

"She has then confessed Jesus Christ!" cried he in a holy transport. "This honour was reserved for her innocence."

He wept with tenderness when he reflected that his beloved had received baptism in the waters of the Jordan, from the hand of Jerome.

"She is a Christian!" repeated he every moment. "She has confessed Jesus Christ before the Roman people; I can now die in peace: she will come to find me!"

A ray of hope began to shine in the dungeon. The disgrace of Hierocles might occasion a revolution in the empire. Constantine threatened Galerius from the west: the courier whom Eudorus had despatched to Dioclesian, might bring back happy tidings. When a vessel has been wrecked during a dreadful night, the sailors drink the bitter waves and with difficulty struggle against the billows: if a deceitful beam of light for a moment pierces through the darkness, and discovers to these unfortunate men a neighbouring land, they swim towards the shore; but the beam soon dies away, the tempest renews its violence, and the mariners sink into the abyss; such was the brief hope, such the fate of the Christians.

The martyrs were singing a song of praise to the Most High, when they saw Zachariah enter. The apostle of the Franks already knew the destiny of his friend.

"Sing, my brethren," said he, "sing! You have now just cause for rejoicing. To-morrow a great saint will perhaps increase the number of your intercessors before God."

All the confessors were mute. Silence for a moment prevailed throughout the prison. Each attempted to conjecture who was to be the happy victim; each was solicitous that the lot should fall on him; each revolved in his mind his titles to that honour. Eudorus had immediately understood Zachariah; but he rejected the hope of martyrdom as a presumptuous thought and a temptation of Hell. He feared to be guilty of the sin of pride in applying his words to himself; he considered himself unworthy to die in preference to those old confessors who had so long fought for Jesus Christ. Zachariah soon removed this sublime uncertainty, this divine emulation:* he approached Eudorus:

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* The following extract from Cave's Primitive Christianity will shew, that this spirit of pious ambition among the ancient Christians to obtain the crown of martyrdom, is by no means exaggerated.

"They (the Christians) were so far from declining suffering, and being terrified with those miseries which they saw others undergo, that they freely, and in great multitudes *offered* themselves to the rage and fury of their enemies; embracing death as the greatest *honour* that could be done them. They strove which should rush first upon those glorious conflicts; men in those days much more greedily seeking *Martyrdom* in the cause of Christ, than in after times they did for *Bishopricks* and the preferments of the church. Lucian, who certainly had very little love to Christians, yet gives this account of them: The miserable wretches (*ὶ κακοδαίμονες*) do verily persuade them, i. e. those of their own party, that they

"My son," said he, "I saved your life; it is to me that you owe your glory: do not forget me when you shall be in heaven."

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shall surely be *immortal* and live forever; upon which account they despise death, and many of them voluntarily offer themselves to it. Indeed they did ambitiously contend who should be first crowned with martyrdom, and that in such multitudes, that their enemies knew not what to do with them, their very persecutors grew weary of their bloody offices. Tiberianus, the president of Palestine, in his relation to the emperor Trajan gives this account of his proceedings against them: *I am quite tired out in punishing and destroying the* Galilæans *(called here by the name of* Christians) *according to your commands, and yet they cease not to offer themselves to be slain: Nay, though I have laboured both by fair means and threatenings to make them conceal themselves from being known to be Christians, yet can I not starve them off from persecution.* So little regard had they to sufferings; nay, so impatient were they till they were in the midst of the flames! This made Arrius Antonius the pro-consul of Asia, when at first he severely persecuted the Christians, whereupon all the Christians in that city like an army, voluntarily presented themselves before his tribunal, to be surprised with wonder; and causing only some few of them to be executed, he cried out to the rest, *O unhappy people! if you have a mind to die, have you not halters and precipices enough to end your lives, but you must come hither for an execution?* So fast did they flock to the place of torment, faster than droves of beasts to the shambles! They even longed to be in the arms of suffering. Ignatius, though then in his journey to Rome in order to his execution, yet by the way as he went could not but vent his passionate desire of it. O that I might come to those *wild beasts* that are prepared for me! I heartily wish that I may presently meet with them; I would invite and encourage them *speedily* to devour me, and

In a moment all the bishops, all the priests, all the prisoners fell at the feet of the martyr; they kiss the hem of his garment, and recommend themselves to his prayers. Eudorus, remaining erect in the midst of these prostrate old men, resembled a young cedar of Lebanon, the only shoot of the ancient forest which lay prostrate at his feet.

A lictor preceded by two slaves, carrying torches of cypress in their hands, entered the dungeon. Surprised at the adoration of the prisoners, who continued in the same attitude, he scarcely believed the evidence of his senses:

"King of the Christians," said he to the husband of Cymodocea, "which among your people is the tribune called Eudorus?"

"I am he," replied the son of Lasthenes.

"Well," said the lictor still more astonished, "it is you then who are to die!"

"You see it by my honours," returned Eudorus.

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not be afraid to set upon me as they have been to others; nay, should they refuse it, I would even *force* them to it: I am concerned for nothing either *seen* or *unseen*, more than to enjoy Jesus Christ: let *fire* and the cross, and the rage of wild beasts, the *breaking* of bones, *distortion* of members, *bruising* of the whole body; yea, all the punishments which the devil can invent come upon me, so I may but enjoy Christ." See much more to the same purpose in Prim. Christ. p. 337 et seq.

A slave unrols the fatal scroll and reads with a loud voice the decree of Publius:

"Eudorus, son of Lasthenes, a native of Megalopolis in Arcadia, formerly a tribune of the Britannic legion, master of the horse, prefect of the Gauls, will appear to-morrow at the tribunal of Festus, the judge of the Christians, to sacrifice to the gods or die."

Eudorus bows—the lictor departs.

As when, in the festivals of the city of Theseus, a young Canephora is seen stealing from the view of the crowd which praises her modesty and her charms, so does Eudorus, who already bears the palm of sacrifice, retire to the depth of the prison, to avoid the applauses of his companions in glory. He calls for the mysterious liquid, the use of which the Christians retain among themselves during the time of the persecutions, and writes his farewell to Cymodocea.

Angel of holy love, thou who faithfully preservest the history of virtuous affections, condescend to entrust to me the page of the book of remembrance on which thou hast engraven the tender and pious sentiments of the martyr.

"Eudorus, a servant of God, in chains for the love of Jesus Christ, to my sister Cymodocea, intended for my wife and the companion of my combats—peace, grace and love!

"My dove, my well-beloved, I heard, with a joy worthy of that love which my heart cherishes

for you, that you have been baptised in the waters of the Jordan, by my friend Jerome the recluse. You come to confess Jesus Christ before the judges and princes of the earth. Oh! servant of the true God, what brilliancy ought not your beauty now to possess! Shall I lament, I who am so justly punished, while you, an Eve not yet fallen, suffer the persecution of men? There is a dangerous temptation in the thought, that those arms so weak and delicate are loaded with the weight of chains; that that head, ornamented with all the virgin graces, and which deserves to be supported by the hand of Angels, rests upon a stone in the darkness of a prison! Ah, had it been permitted me to be happy with you...? But let me banish that thought. Daughter of Homer, Eudorus is about to precede you to the abode of ineffable love; it is necessary that he should cut the thread of his days, as a weaver cuts the thread of his half-woven garment: I write to you from the prison of Saint Peter, in the first year of the persecution; to-morrow I shall appear before the judges at the hour when Jesus Christ expired on the Cross. My beloved, could my love for you be more ardent if I wrote from the palace of kings, and during a year of happiness?

"I must leave you, most lovely of the daughters of men! With tears do I supplicate heaven that I may be permitted to see you again here below,

were it but for a moment. Will this favour be granted me? Let us wait with resignation the decrees of Providence. Ah! although our loves have been short, they have been pure! May the Queen of the Angels preserve to you the sweet name of wife, without destroying the beautiful name of virgin! This thought, which would produce despair in human love, constitutes the consolation of divine affection. What happiness is mine! Oh, Cymodocea, I was destined to call you either the mother of my children, or the chaste companion of my eternal felicity!

"Farewell then, oh my sister! Farewell, my dove, my beloved; intreat your father to pardon me for the tears which I have occasioned him. Alas, he will perhaps lose you, and he is not a Christian; how unhappy will he be!

"Behold the salutation which I Eudorus add at the end of this letter:

"Remember my bonds, oh Cymodocea!

"May the mercy of Jesus Christ be with you!"

THE ARGUMENT.

Eudorus is relieved from his penance and again received into the Church. Lamentations of Demodocus. Prison of Cymodocea. Cymodocea receives the letter of Eudorus. Acts of the martyr Eudorus. Purgatory.

BOOK XXI.

It was now the hour when the courtiers of Galerius reclined upon couches of purple, around a table set out with magnificent profusion, prolonged the pleasures of the banquet into the shades of night. With hands charged with branches of fennel, and brows encircled with chaplets of roses and violets, each guest proclaimed his happiness by loud exclamations of joy and transport. Female flute-players,* skilled in the art of Terpsichore,† inflamed the passions by effeminate dances and voluptuous songs. A cup, of exquisite workmanship, and as deep as that of Nestor, diffused animation throughout the joyous assembly. The god who bears the bow and the bandelet, and who laughs at the wounds that he himself inflicts, was, as at the banquet of Alcibiades, the chief subject of discourse amongst these happy

* Female flute-players were very common among the ancients, who considered the art of playing well upon this instrument as a high accomplishment.

† Terpsichore is the muse that presides over music and dancing.

mortals. The marble, the crystal, the silver, the gold, the precious stones, reflected and multiplied the brilliant lights, and the fragrance of Arabian perfumes mingled with that of the wines of Greece.

At this same hour the Christian confessors, abandoned by the world and sentenced to die, also prepared a festive banquet in the dungeons of Saint Peter. Eudorus was to appear on the succeeding day before the tribunal of the judge; he might perhaps expire in the midst of torments: it was time therefore to relieve him from his work of penance.

The prison lamp is lighted: Cyrillus, to whom the bishop of Rome has imparted his powers, is about to celebrate the feast of reconciliation. Gervasius and Protasius are chosen to administer the sacrifice; they clothe themselves with white robes which were conveyed to them by the brethren; their soft locks fall in ringlets upon their uncovered necks; a virgin modesty breathes in every feature. They seem themselves prepared for martyrdom—such is the joy and the sweet serenity that plays upon their youthful countenances!

The prisoners place themselves upon their knees around Cyrillus, who, in a low voice and without either chalice or altar, commences the interesting rite. The alarmed confessors know not where he intends to consecrate the spotless

victim. O sublime invention of charity! O affecting ceremony! The venerable pastor places the host upon his heart, which thus becomes the altar of sacrifice. The emblem of the martyred Saviour is offered as a holocaust upon a martyr's heart!

In the meanwhile, Eudorus, divested of his habit of penance, receives in exchange a robe of dazzling whiteness. Perseus and Zachariah arise to fulfil the duties of deacon and arch-deacon: they address, in the name of the Christians, these words to Cyrillus:

"Dearly beloved of God, the hour of compassion hath arrived: this penitent applies for reconciliation, and the church asks it of you: he has been a Postulant, an Audient, a Prosternant, permit him to reascend into the ranks of the elect."

Cyrillus then says:

"Penitent, dost thou promise to reform thy life? Raise thy hands to heaven in confirmation of this promise."

Eudorus raises towards heaven his hands which were loaded with chains. Cyrillus then pronounces over him these words:

"I absolve thee through the mercy of Jesus Christ, who loosens in heaven whatsoever his Apostles loosen upon earth."

At these words, Eudorus falls at the feet of the bishop: he receives from the hands of a deacon the holy sacrament, the viaticum of the Christian

traveller, prepared for the pilgrimage of eternity. The confessors regard with admiration the appointed martyr, who, like a Roman consul just chosen by the people, is about to display the symbols and the ensigns of his power. The world would perceive in this assembly of the proscribed, none but obscure men destined to perish by an ignominious death; yet are these the leaders of a numerous race which is one day to cover the earth; yet are these the victims whose blood is to extinguish the flames of persecution, and to bring the world under the dominion of the cross of Christ. But, alas! how many bitter tears are yet to flow ere the days of persecution terminate in the day of triumph!

Demodocus had arrived at Rome only to have his heart pierced with grief. Informed of the first danger which menaced the priestess of the Muses, he had assembled the people and led them on to the palace of Galerius; but scarcely had he rescued Cymodocea from the hands of Hierocles, than she is arrested as a Christian. The venerable old man is forbidden to behold his daughter; every sentiment of pity hath disappeared since the young Messenian declared her attachment to the proscribed sect. The keeper of the prison of Saint Peter was humane, compassionate, accessible to gold: it was easy to obtain admission even to the martyrs; but Sævus, the keeper of Cymodocea's dungeon, was a bitter enemy to the Chris-

tians, because his wife Blanche, who was a Christian, regarded his debaucheries with horror and detestation. He would permit no one to speak, even in his presence, to the daughter of Homer, and he answered the solicitations of Demodocus with menaces and outrage.

Not far from the asylum of sorrow, where mourned the spouse of Eudorus, stood a temple, dedicated by the Romans to Mercy; its frieze was ornamented with bas-reliefs of the marble of Carara, representing subjects consecrated by history or chanted by the Muse: there was that pious daughter who nourished her father in prison, and became the mother of him who had given her life;* near her, Manlius, after having immolated his son, appears, returning victorious to the capitol: the old men advance to meet him, but the young Romans avoid the presence of the

* It was the circumstance alluded to in the text that gave rise to the worship of the goddess Piety among the Romans. The senate had condemned an old man to imprisonment without food, but access was daily permitted to his daughter, who was herself a mother, upon her being searched by the gaoler to see that she conveyed no sustenance to her father: this continuing for some considerable time, suspicion was at length excited, and, upon the daughter's being watched, it was found that she nourished her father with her milk. This discovery produced his freedom. They were both supported thereafter at the public expense, and the place consecrated to the new goddess, Piety.

conqueror. Here, a shining vestal, causing to ascend the Tiber the vessel which bears the image of Cybele, draws, with her girdle, the destinies of Rome and of Carthage; there, Virgil, as yet a shepherd, is compelled to abandon his paternal fields; and there, in the fatal night of his exile, Ovid receives the fond embraces of his spouse.

The stars finished and recommenced their course, and found Demodocus still seated in the dust under the porch of this temple. A soiled and tattered robe, a neglected beard, his hair disordered and strewed with ashes, announced the affliction of the venerable suppliant. Sometimes would he embrace the feet of the statue of Mercy, bathing them with his tears; sometimes would he implore the pity of the people: he chanted upon his lyre to invite the passing stranger, to attract, by the accents of pleasure, that attention which they feared to grant to his tears.

"O hardened race," cried he—"race hated by Jupiter for your unfeeling cruelty—can ye then remain unmoved by the sorrows of a father? Romans, your ancestors erected temples to filial piety; and cannot my hoary locks excite your compassion? Am I then a parricide, abhorred by man? Have I deserved to be abandoned to the Furies? Alas, I am a priest of the gods—I was brought up at the feet of Homer, in the midst of the sacred choir of the Muses! I have passed my life in supplicating heaven to shed its bless-

ings upon man, who now shows himself inexorable to my prayers! What is it then that I ask? To be permitted to behold my daughter—to expire in her arms before she is torn from me forever. Romans, think of the tender age of my Cymodocea! Ah, I was once the happiest of those whom the sun enlightened in his course! But now, where is the slave who would exchange his lot for mine? Jupiter gave to me a hospitable heart; of all the guests whom I have welcomed to my board, and who have drank with me the cup of joy, is there not one who comes to share my sorrow? Senseless is the mortal who believes his prosperity unchangeable! Fortune knows no repose."

At these words, Demodocus, clasping his hands in despair, sinks upon the earth. His cries pierce not the walls of his daughter's prison. The daughters of the Faithful, who had preceded the new Christian in this place of blood, had all given up their lives for Jesus Christ. Cymodocea was the only inhabitant of the gloomy mansion. Wearied by the attentions which he was obliged to pay to the orphan, Sævus often insulted her sorrows: so the ferocious villagers, having made prisoner an æglet upon the mountain, inclose in a cage the heir of the empire of the skies; they insult, by ignoble sports and unfeeling treatment, his fallen majesty; they strike his crowned head; they extinguish those eyes which were formed to

gaze upon the sun; they torture, in a thousand ways, this young monarch, who has neither wings to fly nor talons to punish his tormentors.

Nourished in all the smiling fictions of pagan mythology, surrounded even to the present moment with the most grateful and interesting imagery, Cymodocea had scarcely known the names of sorrow and adversity. She had not been educated in that Christian school where man is taught, from the cradle, that he is born to suffer. Exposed for some time to the trials of Providence, the daughter of Homer had changed her religion with her fortune; and Christianity now furnished her, in support of the afflictions of life, with strength such as the worship of the gods could never have yielded. She studied, with delightful ardour, the holy volume which she found in her prison, and which had been left there by some martyr; but the smiling scenes of her infancy and her youth being still fresh upon her mind, she could not yet enjoy those high consolations of religion which raise us above the sufferings of human life. Often, while earnestly engaged in reading, her head would sink upon the sacred page, and the new Christian, overwhelmed with grief, would, for a moment, become again the priestess of the Muses. She thought of the brilliant sky of Messenia; she fancied herself rambling in the woods of Amphissa: she again beheld those interesting festivals of Greece—the chariots rolling towards the shades of Nemæa—the

Theori traversing, by the sounds of the flute, the summits of Ira, or the plain of Sthenyclaros. She dwelt upon the happy days which she once enjoyed with her father, and of the grief which now preyed upon the venerable priest. "Where is he? What is he doing? Who wipes away his tears and kindly soothes his sorrows? Oh, how light are the sufferings of Cymodocea compared with those which are preparing for her father and her spouse!"

Whilst Cymodocea is indulging in these bitter recollections, she is suddenly aroused by footsteps upon the floor of her prison. Blanche, the wife of the keeper, advances, and gives to Cymodocea the letter of Eudorus, with the key necessary to read these heart-rending adieus. The timid Christian, who dares not openly brave the fury of her husband, hastens to depart, and closes after her the doors of the dungeon.

Cymodocea, left alone, soon prepares the liquor, which, when poured upon the apparently unspotted page, is to render visible the mysterious characters which love and religion have traced upon it. She soon recognizes the hand writing of Eudorus; she reads the first expressions of his love; the words of the martyr become more tender—they announce the approach of some terrible event; the fatal scroll falls from her hand; she reads again—again she stops—and again resumes the portentous record; she at length arrives at these words:

"Daughter of Homer, Eudorus is perhaps about to precede you to the realms of ineffable delight. The thread of his days will be broken, like the thread of a half-woven garment."

Suddenly the eyes of the young Christian become dim, and she falls senseless upon the floor of her dungeon.

But, O celestial Muse, whence proceed those transports of joy which are heard in the abodes of light? Why do the golden harps emit such tender and melodious sounds? Why breathes the Prophet-king songs of such touching sweetness? What rapture is diffused among the Angels of the Most High! The first of the martyrs, the glorious Stephen, has taken from the Holy of Holies, a branch of shining palm; he descends with it towards the earth. Sing, O ye skies, the triumph of the just! The transient moment of affliction is succeeded by a day of happiness that shall never end: Eudorus appears before his judge!

He has bade his friends farewell; he has recommended his spouse and Demodocus to their love. The soldiers have conducted the martyr to the temple of Justice, built by Augustus, near the theatre of Marcellus. At the extremity of an immense uncovered hall stands an ivory chair surmounted by the statue of Themis,* the mother of

* Themis, according to Hesiod, was the daughter of Cœ-

Equity, of Law and of Peace. The judge is seated upon this chair: at his left are the officiating ministers, an altar, a victim—at his right, centurions and soldiers; before him, chains, a wooden horse, a funeral pile, an iron chair, a thousand implements of torture, and a crowd of executioners: the hall is filled with a thronging multitude of anxious spectators. Eudorus, loaded with chains, takes his station at the foot of the tribunal. The heralds, the ministers of Jupiter and of men, command silence. The judge interrogates the prisoner; and the answers of the martyr are recorded.

Festus, agreeably to the accustomed formalities, demands:

"What is your name?"

Eudorus replies:

"My name is Eudorus, and I am the son of Lasthenes."

The judge continues:

"Knowest thou not the edicts which have been promulged against the Christians:

Eudorus answers:

"I know them."

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lus and Terra, and was the first whom mankind honoured with a temple. She is doubtless nothing but an allegorical personage, her name, which is from the Hebrew, signifying *perfection* or *uprightness*. She was the goddess of justice, and is represented among the moderns with a bandage over her eyes and holding a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other.

The judge exclaims:

"Sacrifice then to the gods!"

Eudorus replies:

"I sacrifice but to one God, the creator of heaven and of earth."

Festus orders the executioners to strip Eudorus, to stretch him upon the rack by weights suspended to his feet.

The judge addresses him:

"Eudorus, you grow pale, you suffer. Have compassion upon yourself; remember your glory and the honours which have been conferred upon you! Behold your father's house which will perish by your fall. Behold the tears of your parent—listen to the cries of your afflicted relatives. Fearest thou not to plunge in eternal sorrow the venerable age of those who gave you birth?"

Eudorus replies:

"My glory, my honours and my parents are in heaven."

The judge says:

"Can you be insensible to the delightful enjoyments of requited love?"

Eudorus answers not.

The judge continues:

"You soften—yield to my persuasions: suffer your heart to be affected: sacrifice to the gods, or tremble at the sufferings which await you."

Eudorus answers:

"Why should I tremble before a judge, mortal like myself."

Festus causes the flesh of Eudorus to be torn with nails of iron. The body of the confessor, is covered with blood, like the ivory of the Indus, or the whitest wool of Miletus tinged with the Tyrian dye.

The judge again addresses him:

"Art thou vanquished? Wilt thou sacrifice to the gods? Reflect, that if you persist in your obstinacy, you will unite in your destruction your father, your sisters, and her who was destined to your arms."

Eudorus exclaims with rapture:

"How do I deserve the happiness of being four times sacrificed for my God!"

The confessor's feet are fettered; the iron chair glows with heat; the pincers and the boiling pitch are prepared. Eudorus betrays no symptom of pain or suffering. His visage is illuminated with joy combined with a sedate and graceful majesty. The iron chair is made ready. The Christian professor placed in the burning seat, preaches the Gospel of Jesus Christ with more than human eloquence. Seraphs shed over him a celestial dew, and his guardian Angel shadows him with his wings. The most intrepid among the pagans turn aside their faces: they are unable to look upon the brilliant image of the martyr. The wearied executioners relieve each other; the judge regards the Christian with inward dismay; he fancies he beholds a god upon the burning chair. The confessor says to him:

"Look well upon my countenance, that thou mayest recognize it in the terrible day of universal judgment."

At these words the fear-struck Festus commands the torture to be suspended. He hastily descends from his tribunal, passes behind the curtain, whilst an officer reads with a tremulous voice this sentence:

"The clemency of the invincible Augustus de-
"crees that he who, in disobedience to the sacred
"edicts, refuses to offer sacrifice to the gods, be
"exposed to wild beasts, in the amphitheatre, on
"the approaching birth-day of our immortal em-
"peror."

Eudorus is again conveyed by the soldiers to his prison. The confessors had already learned his triumph. At the moment when the prison door unfolds, and presents to their view the pale and mutilated martyr, they advance towards him, Cyrillus at their head, and hail his coming with their united songs:

"He has triumphed over Hell! He has ob-
"tained the palm of victory! Enter into the
"tabernacle of the Most High, O illustrious fol-
"lower of Jesus Christ!

"What splendour issues from his wounds!
"He has been proved by the fire, and is like sil-
"ver seven times tried in the furnace.

"He has triumphed over Hell! He has ob-
"tained the palm of victory! Enter into the

" tabernacle of the Most High, O illustrious dis-
" ciple of Jesus Christ!"

The Angels of heaven repeat the rapturous strain, and a new subject of joy is communicated to the Spirits of the just.

Eudorus, in his path of glory, had secretly offered a sacrifice for his mother. Informed in a dream of the destiny of Sephora, he prayed to the Most High to grant to this virtuous female a place among the Elect. She had descended, on departing from this world, into the place appointed for the expiation of error, because she had loved her children with too much weakness, and had thus become the first cause of the vices and the crimes of her son. Eudorus, by the voluntary sacrifice of his blood, had obtained the remission of her sufferings. The three prophets, who read before the Eternal the Book of Life, Isaiah, Elisha, and Moses, proclaim the name of the liberated spirit. Maria rises from her throne: the Angels who were presenting to her the vows of mothers, the tears of infants, the complaints of the poor and the miserable, suspend their offerings. She ascends towards her Son: she enters into the region where the Lamb presides among the four and twenty Elders; she advances even to the feet of Immanuel, and inclining before the second uncreated Essence:

" O my Son, if, when but a feeble mortal, I
" bore within me the weight of thine eternity;

" if thou didst condescend to confide thy suffer-
" ing humanity, to my maternal love, deign now
" to hear my prayer. Thy prophets have an-
" nounced the deliverance of the mother of the
" new martyr. May not the Faithful yet enjoy
" the peace of the Most High? Son of man,
" thou hast permitted me to present to thee the
" tears of men. I behold a confessor about to be
" exposed to famished and ferocious tigers; is
" not the blood he has already shed sufficient to
" redeem him, and to purchase for him an en-
" trance into glory? Must he complete his sa-
" crifice, and can the voice of Maria effect no
" change in the decrees of heaven?"

Thus speaks the mother of the seven griefs. The Messiah replies in a voice of kindness and compassion!

" O my mother, thou knowest how much I feel
" for the sufferings of man! For them have I been
" laden with all the miseries of human existence.
" But the decrees of my Father must be fulfilled.
" If my followers are for a moment persecuted
" upon the earth, it is that they may enjoy in hea-
" ven a glory which shall never end. But the
" moment of their triumph approaches; grace
" has already commenced its reign. Descend
" towards those abodes where guilt is done away
" by penitence; bring back with you to heaven
" that female whose dawn of happiness the pro-
" phets have announced, and let the felicity of

" the martyr, in whose behalf you now appear " before me, commence with the beatitude of his " parent."

A smile accompanies the pacific words of the Saviour of the world. The four-and-twenty elders incline upon their thrones; the Cherubim veil their faces with their wings; the celestial spheres stop to listen to the Eternal Word; the depths of Hell tremble and emit flashes of light, as if some new creation were about to issue out of nothing.

Maria descends towards the place appointed for the purification of souls. She advances upon a road sown with stars, in the midst of incorruptible perfumes, and of celestial flowers strewed by Angels in her path. The virgin choir precede her steps, and pour forth strains of living melody. The most illustrious females follow in her train: Elizabeth, whose infant leaped at the approach of Maria; Magdalen, who poured the precious nard upon her master's feet, and wiped them with her hair; Salome, who followed Jesus to Calvary; the mother of the Maccabees, and the mother of the seven infant martyrs; Leah and Rachel; Esther, still a queen; Deborah, from whose tomb sprung the oak of tears, and the spouse of Elimelech, whom Angels have named Beautiful, and men Naomi.

Between Heaven and Hell extends a vast region

appointed for the expiations of the dead.* Its bottom rests upon the abodes of endless torments and its summit reaches to the empire of never-ending joys. Maria first carries consolation to those parts which are most distant from the realms of bliss. There, wretched souls, panting in misery, whilst thick sweat bursts from every pore, dwell in the midst of horrid darkness. Their blackened eyelids are illumined only by the neighbouring flames of Hell. The souls which are condemned to this abode, are not doomed to eternal punishment, but they suffer a terrible experience of its horrors. They hear the cries of torment, the strokes of the far-resounding lash, the fearful clanking of chains.

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* In this description the reader will easily recognize the Purgatory of the Roman Catholics. Speaking of the numerous innovations that were made upon the purity and simplicity of the Christian worship in the fourth century, Dr. Mosheim observes as follows—"the vain fictions, which an attachment to the Platonic philosophy, and to popular opinions, had engaged the greatest part of the Christian doctors to adopt, before the time of Constantine, were now confirmed, enlarged and embellished in various ways. From hence arose that extravagant veneration for departed saints, and those absurd notions of a certain *fire* destined to purify separate souls, that now prevailed, and of which the public marks were every where to be seen. Hence also the celibacy of priests, the worship of images and relics, which in process of time, almost utterly destroyed the Christian religion, or at least eclipsed its lustre, and corrupted its essence in the most deplorable manner." Vid. Mosh. vol. i, p. 365.

A burning stream, formed by the tears of the damned, is all which separates them from that abyss into which they themselves would expect one day to be plunged, were it not for a ray of hope which penetrates at times into their dark and dismal dwelling.

There are punished those mortals who appeared excusable to mortal eyes: the homicide, who killed his fellow to satisfy the foolish honour of the world: the judge, who, trusting to his own infallibility, condemned the innocent to death; the honest but feeble servant of Christ, who suffered reproach to be cast upon the religion of his master. The Sovereign Judge, in the rigour of his equity, recognizes no necessary causes for that conduct which tends to the production either of present or of future evil. God always perceives the imprudence of reason, the violation of some law, the omission of some virtue, where men discover nothing but the inevitable effect of human infirmity.

The appearance of the Queen of the Angels in the midst of these suffering Spirits, suspends for a moment the acuteness of their pangs. A divine light diffuses itself throughout the expiatory prisons—penetrates even into Hell, and Hell astonished fancies it the dawn of Hope. Seized with celestial pity—Maria proceeds with her angelic train to realms less miserable and less obscure.

The regions of expiation enlighten as she ascends, and the sufferings of their inhabitants become more mild and less durable. Limpid streams, inchanting groves, agreeable concerts formed by the melody of a thousand feathered songsters, light like a perpetual dawn, announce the solitudes of those sages who have strictly practised the virtues of morality. Yet are they deprived of the sight of the Creator, and of the knowledge of the secrets of nature, because their good works have displayed more of human pride than of the love of God.

The compassionate Angels, although true to their trusts, watch with anxious solicitude over the penitence of the reprobated spirits. Instead of offering insults to their sufferings, as do the perverse spirits to the agonizing cries of the damned, they endeavour to comfort them, and invite them to repentance; they represent to them the loveliness of God, and the happiness of an eternity spent in the contemplation of the Creator.

An extraordinary spectacle attracts the attention of those holy females who descended from the skies with the Queen of the Virgins: they behold spirits become more and more bright and luminous in the midst of spirits which surround them; a radiant glory forms around their brows; transfigured by degrees, they ascend into more elevated regions where they listen to the divine

concerts of Heaven. These are the dead whose period of suffering has been shortened by the prayers of parents and of friends whom they have left upon the earth. Celestial prerogative of friendship, of religion, and of wretchedness! The more poor, unfortunate, infirm, despised the suppliant may be, the more efficacious will be his petitions to the throne of grace in procuring the eternal happiness of some liberated soul!

The happy Sephora shines with extraordinary splendour in the midst of the throng. The mother of the Maccabees takes by the hand the mother of Eudorus, and presents her to Maria. The brilliant retinue slowly remount towards the sacred abodes. The different worlds, those which arrest our attention during the silent hour of the night, those which lie far beyond our view in the regions of space, the suns, the whole creation and the choirs of the Powers which preside over the universe of God—raise this hymn to the mother of the Saviour:

"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, that the Queen of glory may enter in!

"We salute thee, Mary, full of majesty and sweetness, model of virgins and of wives! Ye burning cherubs, bear upon your wings the daughter of man and the mother of the Saviour God. What tranquil mildness in her looks! What loveliness in her smiles! Her features still preserve the traces of those pains which she suffered upon

earth, as if to temper the joys of Heaven! Worlds regard her as she passes them with holy love; she effaces the brilliancy of the uncreated light through which she bends her way. Hail, thou who art blessed among all the females of the earth, we salute thee with songs of joy!

"Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates, that the Queen of glory may enter in!"

THE ARGUMENT.

The exterminating Angel strikes Galerius and Hierocles. Hierocles appears before the judge of the Christians. Return of the messenger sent to Diocletian. Affliction of Eudorus, Demodocus and Cymodocea. The free repast. Temptation.

BOOK XXII.

WHAT are the pains of the body compared with the anguish of the soul! What pangs can be likened to the pangs of remorse! The body of the good man may be exposed to the torture—but his soul, like an impregnable fortress, remains calm and tranquil: the wicked, on the contrary, reposes among flowers, or on a bed of purple; he seems to enjoy the sweets of peace—but the enemy has glided into his bosom—and unerring symptoms betray the secret agonies of his soul; so in the centre of a smiling champaign is seen the funereal standard floating upon the towers of a city a prey to pestilence and death.

Hierocles has renounced Heaven—and Heaven has abandoned him to Hell. Publius, anxious to accomplish the destruction of his rival, has revealed the treacheries of the minister of the emperor: the sophist had secreted among his own treasures a portion of the treasures of his prince. Each one seeks to charge Hierocles with some new crime; for mankind are as ready to accuse the falling favourite, as they are to excuse him when in the plenitude of power. What course shall

this enemy of God pursue? Shall he depart for Alexandria, without attempting to rescue her whom he has lost? Shall he remain at Rome to assist at the bloody sacrifice of Cymodocea? Public hatred pursues him; a terrible prince threatens him; and inextinguishable love rages in his heart. In this perplexity, the eyes of the miserable wretch are suffused with blood—his looks become fixed—his lips open—and his livid cheeks quiver with his trembling body: so, when a serpent has poisoned himself with the baneful juices of which his venom is composed, the reptile, couched in the public way, can scarcely crawl along the dust—his eyes are half closed—his blanched mouth emits an impure foam—his skin is wrinkled and yellow: his appearance still inspires terror; but it is a terror no longer mingled with apprehensions of his power.

Oh, how different is the Christian who, although his veins are nearly exhausted of their blood, still cherishes within him a mighty and an unconquerable soul! But feeble is that spirit which opposes itself to pain and remorse, the harbingers of the punishments reserved for the persecutor of the Faithful. God gives a signal to the exterminating Angel, and points out two victims for destruction. The minister of vengeance attaches to his shoulders his fiery wings, the motion of which produces a sound like the roaring of distant thunders. In one hand, he takes one of the

seven golden cups filled with the wrath of the Almighty; in the other, he brandishes the sword which smote the first-born of Egypt and caused the sun to shrink back as he rose upon the camp of Sennacherib. Whole nations, condemned for their crimes, vanish before this inexorable Spirit, and their tombs are sought for in vain. It was he who traced those mysterious characters upon the wall, during the banquet of Belshazzer; it was he who cast upon the earth the sickle which reaped and the sickle which gathered the clusters of the vine, when John beheld, in the isle of Patmos, the formidable figures of events to come.

The exterminating Angel descends in a blaze of lightning, like one of those stars which fall from heaven, exciting terror and dismay in the bosom of the affrighted sailor. Enveloped in a cloud, he enters into the palace of the Cæsars, where Galerius, seated at the banquet, is celebrating his prosperity. The lamps become dim; a noise is heard from without as of the rumbling of a thousand chariots; the hair of the guests stand erect upon their heads; involuntary tears gush from their eyes; the shades of ancient Romans flit across the hall, communicating to Galerius a fearful presentiment that the destruction of the empire is at hand. The Angel, invisible, approaches this master of the world, and pours into his cup a few drops of the wine of celestial wrath. Impelled by his evil destiny, the emperor raises

to his lips the burning draught; but scarcely has he drank to the fortune of the Cæsars, than he is seized with frantic intoxication; a punishment as speedy as unexpected overthrows him at the feet of his slaves: God has, in a single instant, prostrated this giant to the earth.

A rafter, cut upon the summit of Gargarus, has grown old in a palace, the residence of an ancient race; a flame suddenly mounting from the hearth of the king reaches the time-dried oak; it kindles into a rapid blaze, and falls, with a horrid crash, into the wide resounding halls;—so falls Galerius. The Angel abandons him to this first effect of the eternal poison, and flies to the chamber of the agonized Hierocles. He touches the impious minister with the sword of the Almighty. Instantly, a hideous malady bursts forth, the germs of which Hierocles brought with him from the east. The miserable wretch beholds a thick leprosy spreading over his whole body; his vestments cling to his flesh, like the robe of Dejanira* or the tunic of Medea. His senses are bewildered;

* Hercules is said to have fallen a victim to the jealousy of his wife Dejanira, who, dreading the effects of his passion for Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, king of Œchalia, poisoned his robe, so that he died in great agonies upon Mount Oeta. Ovid represents him as preparing his own funeral pile, and laying himself upon it with great composure. Metam. lib. ix, v. 238.

he blasphemes against both heaven and earth, and implores the Christians to deliver him from the Spirits of darkness by which he perceives himself beset. Night is in the middle of her course. Hierocles summons his slaves: he orders a litter to be prepared: he springs from his couch, wraps himself in a mantle, and directs himself to be carried, half distracted as he is, to the dwelling of the judge of the Christians.

"Festus," he exclaims, "thou holdest in thy power a female Christian who is the torment of my life; save her from death and yield her to my love; do not condemn her to the beasts; the edict permits thee to consign her to the abodes of infamy.....thou understandest me."

With these words he throws a purse of gold at the feet of the judge and departs, uttering a low and hollow sound, like the moaning of a sick bull as he drags himself along among the reeds of a marsh.

It was also at this very moment, that the last hope of the Christians vanished: the messenger despatched by Eudorus to Dioclesian to endeavour to prevail upon him to resume the reins of empire, returned from Salona: Zachariah introduced him into the dungeons. The confessors had all received their sentence: they were condemned to perish in the amphitheatre with Eudorus. Surrounded by bishops, who were employed in dressing his wounds, Eudorus lay

stretched upon the robes of the martyrs: so lies the wounded hero, in the midst of his companions in arms, couched upon the standards which his hand has won.

The grief-struck messenger stands mute and motionless, his eyes fixed upon the husband of Cymodocea.

"Speak, my brother," said Eudorus, addressing him: "the flesh is somewhat weakened—but the spirit still retains its vigour. Congratulate me in being waited upon by hands which have so often touched the body of Jesus Christ."

The messenger, dashing away his tears, related in these words the account of his interview with Dioclesian.

"Eudorus, I embarked, according to your orders, upon the Adriatic sea, and soon landed upon the shore of Salona. I inquired for Diocles, formerly Dioclesian, the emperor. I was directed to his gardens at the distance of four miles from the city. I proceeded there on foot. I arrived at the residence of Dioclesian; I traversed courts in which appeared neither guards nor superintendants. Some slaves were engaged here and there in rural employments. I knew not whom to address. I perceived a man, well advanced in years, labouring in the garden; I approached and asked where I might find the prince of whom I was in search."

"I am Diocles," replied the old man continuing his labour. "If you have any thing to say, you "may say it."

" I stood mute with astonishment.

" Well," continued Dioclesian, " what brings " you here? Have you any rare seeds to give " me, and do you wish that we should make an " exchange?"

" I placed your letter in the hands of the aged emperor: I described to him the miserable state of Rome, and the hopes which the Christians cherished of again beholding him at the head of government. At these words, Dioclesian, suspending his labours, exclaimed:

" Did those who sent you behold, as you do, " the pot-herbs which I raise with my own hands " at Salona, they would not invite me to resume " the empire!"*

" I observed to him that it would not be the first time that a gardener had consented to wear the crown."

" The Sidonian gardener," he replied, " had " not, like myself, descended from the throne, " and he was tempted to mount it: Alexander

* This was the answer which Dioclesian made to the solicitations of Maximian, who had abdicated the purple at Milan on the same day on which Dioclesian had renounced the imperial dignity at Nicomedia; rejecting the temptation with a smile of pity, he calmly observed, that " if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power." Decline and Fall, &c. vol. i, p. 438.

" himself would not prevail upon me to accede to " your request."

" I could obtain from him no other answer. I intreated him in vain."

" Do me a little favour," said he briskly ; " you " see that well; I am old—you are young; draw " me some water; my plants are parching with " drought."

" So saying, Dioclesian turned his back, and Diocles resumed his watering-pot."

The messenger was silent. Cyrillus then addressing him :

" My brother, you could not have brought us happier news. Eudorus informed us, soon after your departure, of the object of your journey: the bishops were fearful that you would succeed. Suffering has enlightened the son of Lasthenes; yet he well knew his duty: Galerius is our lawful sovereign."

" Yes," exclaims Eudorus, humbled and penitent, " I acknowledge that I am justly punished for my criminal designs."

So spake these martyrs, mangled as they were by the cruel tortures of Galerius: so, when the courageous hound, accustomed to arouse the bear and the wild-boar in the dark forests of Achelous, falls, undeservedly, into disgrace with the hunter ;—pierced by a spear intended for the ferocious beast, the death-struck hound reels under the fatal blow, and sinks upon the bloody turf; expiring, he casts a submissive look towards his

master, and seems to reproach him with having deprived himself of a faithful servant.

Although soon to quit the world, Eudorus was tormented with the inquietudes of anxious love. Spite of the faith and exaltation of his soul, the martyr could not reflect, without shuddering, upon the destiny of the daughter of Homer. What will become of this tender victim? Will she again fall into the hands of Hierocles? Will she be interrogated before the judge? Can she sustain the horrid trial? Has she been condemned to suffer with the Confessors of the prison of Saint Peter? Eudorus represented to himself Cymodocea torn in pieces by lions, and imploring in vain the assistance of him for whom she had given up her life. To this picture, he contrasted the happiness which he might have enjoyed with a partner so innocent, so lovely. But a sudden voice addresses him from his conscience:

"Martyr, are these the thoughts that ought to "occupy thy soul? Eternity! Eternity!"

The bishops, skilled in the knowledge of the human heart, perceived the internal combat of the warrior. They divined his thoughts and endeavoured to arouse his courage:

"Companion," said Cyrillus, "let us be joyful: we shall soon ascend to glory. Behold in this prison a field of ripened corn which shall soon be gathered, and treasured up in the storehouse of the good shepherd! Cymodocea will

perhaps be with us; she is a lovely flower springing up in the midst of the grain, and will spread fragrance and perfumes throughout the garner. If such is the command of God, may his will be done! But rather let us ask of Heaven to spare your spouse, that she may offer to the Eternal in your behalf, the grateful sacrifice of supplicating innocence."

As when, after a burning night of summer, a gentle breeze rises with the day and the sailor, whose bark lay motionless upon the slumbering wave, salutes the Zephyr, which, child of Aurora, refreshens and speeds him on his way;—so the words of Cyrillus, like the soft whispers of benevolence, re-animate the martyr and urge him forward in the path to Heaven. Yet cannot he wholly divest himself of mortal feeling: he had long since engaged some intrepid Christians to watch over Cymodocea, and to spare no pains, no exertions, no treasures to effect her safety; but he chiefly confided in the courage of Dorotheus, who had already twice attempted, though unsuccessfully, to scale during the night the prison walls of the daughter of Homer.

More fortunate as it respected Demodocus, Dorotheus had succeeded in forcing the gates of the dungeon, and in conveying him to a secure retreat.

"Miserable old man," said he, "why thus anticipate the period of your days? Think you that they fly not with sufficient speed? Preserve

your silver locks for your daughter. Should God see fit to restore her to your embraces, she will stand in greater need of your consolations, than you will of hers: she will have lost her husband!"

"Alas," answered the venerable man, "would you have me cease to demand my daughter? She was the only comfort of my sinking years. The last heiress of the lyre of Homer, the Muses had endowed her with the most precious gifts. She presided over my house; none would have dared, in her presence, to insult my aged locks. Children, beautiful as their mother, would have sprung up around me! Cymodocea, what have become of thy promises? Thou saidst to me; "What would be my grief, O my father, should "the stern and inflexible Parcæ separate thee "forever from my love! I would sacrifice my "locks upon thy funeral pile, and pass my days "among companions weeping for thy loss." Alas, it is I that remain to weep for thee! It is I, who, in a foreign land, without children, without a country, borne down under a weight of years—it is I who will call thee three times around thy funeral bed."

As a bull driven from the pasture in order to be separated from the heifer which is soon to be sacrificed to the gods, so is Demodocus torn by Dorotheus from the prison of Cymodocea.

The new Christian had again opened her eyes upon the light, or rather upon the darkness of

her dungeon. Twenty times did she peruse the letter from Eudorus, and twenty times did she water it with her tears.

"Beloved spouse," said she, "in the confused language of her two religions, my lord, my master, hero that bearest the front of a divinity, art thou then to appear before the judge!.....A cruel iron.....! And may not I be there to dress thy wounds!..... O my father, why hast thou abandoned me? Hasten to guide my steps to the loveliest of mortals! Crumble into dust, ye unfeeling walls: I would pour out my life before the sovereign master of my heart!"

Thus mourned Cymodocea in the silence of her dungeon, whilst noise and tumult surrounded the prison of the martyrs. Their ears were saluted from without by a confused murmur, like the dashing together of many billows—like the blasts of conflicting winds among the mountains—like the roaring of a conflagration enkindled by the imprudent shepherd, in a forest of pines: it was the people.

There was an ancient custom at Rome:—on the eve of the execution of criminals condemned to death, there was given at the gate of the prison a public banquet, styled the Free Repast. At this banquet were lavished all the delicacies of a sumptuous festival: a barbarous refinement of her law, or a brutal clemency of her religion; the former, as it might tend to attach those to life who were about to lose it: the latter, viewing

man only in his enjoyments, willing even in his last moments to surfeit him with pleasures.

This repast was spread upon an immense table, in the vestibule of the prison. The curious and cruel populace pressed around it, whilst soldiers were stationed near to preserve order. The martyrs issued from their cells and took their places at the funereal banquet: they were all loaded with chains, but in such a manner as not to prevent them from using their hands. Those whose wounds rendered them unable to walk, were carried by their brethren. Eudorus moved slowly forward resting upon the shoulders of two bishops, and the other confessors, through pity and respect, spread their mantles in his path. When he appeared without the gate, a general burst of sorrow issued from the crowd, and the soldiers gave to their ancient leader the salute of arms. The prisoners ranged themselves upon the couches in the presence of the crowd: Eudorus and Cyrillus occupied the centre of the table; the two chiefs of the martyrs united upon their brows all which youth or age could render lovely or interesting: they appeared like Joseph and Jacob seated at the the banquet of Pharaoh. Cyrillus invited his brethren to distribute amongst the people this preparation of pride, and to replace it by a simple agape, composed of a little bread and wine: the astonished multitude preserved a profound silence; they listened with anxious attention to the words of the confessors.

"This repast," said Cyrillus, "is justly called the Free Repast, because it liberates us from the chains of the world and from the evils of humanity. Death is not the workmanship of God—it is the workmanship of man. To-morrow will man present to us his work, and God, who is the author of life, will confer upon us his immortality. Let us pray, my brethren, for this people: to-day, they seem touched at our destiny: to-morrow, they will clap their hands rejoicing at our death: they are indeed to be pitied! Let us pray for them, and for Galerius our emperor."

And the martyrs prayed for them, and for Galerius their emperor.

The pagans, accustomed to see the criminals madly rejoice at these funeral orgies, or bitterly lament their approaching fate, could not recover from their astonishment. The best instructed among them said:

"What then is this assembly of Catos who converse cheerfully upon death on the eve of their execution? Are not these philosophers those men who are represented to us as the enemies of the gods? What majesty upon their brows! What simplicity in their actions and in their words!"

The crowd exclaimed:

"Who is that old man who speaks with so much authority, and whose lessons are so mild and pacific? The Christians pray for us and for the emperor: they mourn for us; they give us their repast; they are covered with wounds, and yet

they utter no complaints against us or the judges. Can their God be indeed the true God?"

Such were the words of the multitude. Amongst this immense concourse of wretched idolaters, some retired seized with terror and dismay—others began to weep and cried:

"Great is the God of the Christians! Great is the God of the martyrs!"

They listened with avidity to the instructions of the confessors, and they believed in the name of Jesus Christ.

What a spectacle was this for pagan Rome! What a lesson was given them in this communion of the Martyrs! These men, who were soon to be forever separated from the world, continued to discourse in words of charity and holy love: so, when migrant swallows prepare to abandon our climates, we behold them collecting upon the borders of some solitary lake, or around the spire of some village church; the air resounds with the sweet strains of their departure; and no sooner does the wind of the north arise, than they mount towards heaven, and seek another spring in a happier land.

In the midst of this affecting scene, a slave hastily approaches—he presses through the crowd—he demands Eudorus—he presents to him a letter from the judge. Eudorus unrols the letter; it is couched in these words:

"Festus, the judge, to Eudorus, a Christian: "Peace:

" Cymodocea is condemned to the place of in-
" famy. Hierocles awaits her there. I implore
" you, by the esteem with which you have inspir-
" ed me, sacrifice to the gods: come and demand
" your spouse; I swear to render her to you pure
" and spotless."

Eudorus faints; the crowd presses around him; the soldiers seize upon the letter; the people demand to know its contents; a tribune reads it with a loud voice; the bishops stand mute and horror-struck; the assembly becomes a scene of tumult. Eudorus opens his eyes; the soldiers are upon their knees around him and cry:

" Companion, sacrifice! Behold, our eagles will serve as altars."

And they present him with a cup of wine for the libation. A horrible temptation seizes upon the heart of Eudorus. Cymodocea in the abodes of infamy! Cymodocea in the arms of Hierocles! The breast of the martyr heaves; the bandages of his wounds break, and his blood flows copiously to the ground. The populace, seized with compassion, fall at his feet, and repeat with the soldiers:

" Sacrifice! Sacrifice!"

Then Eudorus, with a low and hollow voice:

" Where are the eagles?"

The soldiers smite their bucklers in token of triumph, and hasten to bring forward the ensigns. Eudorus rises—the centurions support him; he advances to the foot of the eagles; silence reigns

throughout the crowd; Eudorus takes the cup; the bishops hide their faces with their robes, and the confessors send forth a cry of agony: at this cry, the cup falls from the hands of Eudorus, he overthrows the eagles, and turning towards the martyrs, he exclaims:

"I am a Christian!"

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan rekindles the superstitious enthusiasm of the people. Festival of Bacchus. Explanation of the letter of Festus. Death of Hierocles. The Angel of Hope descends to Cymodocea. Cymodocea receives the robe of martyrdom. Dorotheus rescues Cymodocea from prison. Joy of Eudorus and the Confessors. Cymodocea finds her father. The Angel of Sleep.

BOOK XXIII.

THE Prince of Darkness beholds, foaming with rage, the compassion of the people and the victory of the confessors.

"What," cried he, "shall I have caused to "tremble upon his throne him whom submissive "Angels have named the Almighty;—shall I have "beheld the empire of eternity about to pass under "my dominion;—shall a few short moments only "have been wanting for me to have destroyed the "labour of six days;—shall man have become my "easy prey;—and, ready to triumph over Christ, "my only remaining enemy, shall a weak martyr "insult my power? Ah, let us rekindle against "these Christians the fury of a blind and insensate "people, and let Rome this day become drunk "with the incense of her idols and with the blood "of the martyrs!"

He says—and instantly assumes the figure, the air and the voice of Tages, the chief of the Haruspices. He strips his immortal head of the remains of its once shining locks, now seared by the fires of the abyss;—the seams which despair and the red lightning of heaven have traced upon

his front, are transformed into venerable wrinkles; he conceals his closed wings under the ample foldings of his robe, and inclining his body over an augural staff, he advances to the head of the crowd which was returning from the banquet of the martyrs.

"Roman people, he exclaims, whence arises "this sacrilegious tenderness? What, your em- "peror prepares spectacles for your pleasure, and "ye weep over wretches, who are the vilest re- "fuse of mankind! Soldiers, they would over- "throw your eagles, and yet are ye touched by "their fate! What would be the language of your "Scipios and your Camilluses, did they behold "this scene? Banish this criminal compassion, "and instead of weeping here over the enemies "of heaven and of men, go pray in your temples "for the safety of your prince, and celebrate the "festival of your gods."

So saying, the rebel Angel diffuses throughout the inconstant crowd a spirit of giddiness and fury. The thirst of blood and of brutal pleasure, spite of every sentiment of pity, seizes upon their souls. A priest cries out:

"Oh heaven, what a prodigy do I behold! I left Tages at the Capitol, and now do I find him here. Romans, it is doubtless some divinity concealed under the figure of the chief of the Haruspices, who comes to reproach you for your guilty compassion, and to announce to you the will of Jupiter."

At these words, the prince of darkness vanishes from amidst the astonished crowd, and the people, seized with terror, hasten to their idols, to expiate a moment of humanity.

Galerius was to celebrate at once the day of his birth and his triumph over the Parthians. This day was that of the festival of Flora. In order to render the people and the soldiers more favourable to his views, the emperor revived the festival of Bacchus, which had been for a long time suppressed by the senate.* All these abominations were to be crowned by the games of the amphitheatre, in which the Christian prisoners were to suffer death.

Shameless largesses, the source of which was in the ruin of the citizens, and particularly in the plunder of the Faithful, had completely mastered the minds of the populace. Every species of licentiousness was not only permitted, but commanded. By the light of torches, in the Patrician way, a part of the people assisted at public

* It was about the year B. C. 186, that the consuls Sp. P. Albinus, and Q. Martius entered into a strict inquiry respecting the ceremonies practised at the celebration of the Bacchanalia; and such was the drunkenness, the debauchery, and licentiousness of every description which was found to prevail at these times, that the senate instantly passed a decree banishing them forever from the territories of Rome. They were, however, revived again, but were never carried to the same abominable excesses.

prostitutions: naked courtezans, assembled by the sound of the trumpet, celebrated with lewd songs that Flora who bequeathed her wanton and lascivious character to a nation then chaste and modest. Galerius ascended to the capitol, upon a chariot drawn by elephants; before him marched the captive family of Narses, king of Persia. The dances and fearful howlings of the Bacchantes varied and increased the confusion. Numberless skins and amphori filled with liquor were opened near fountains and at the public squares of the city. They smeared their faces with lees, they kneaded up the mud with wine. Bacchus appeared mounted upon a trestle. His priestesses waved around him flaming torches, thyrsuses bound with leaves of the vine, and they danced to the sound of cymbals, drums and clarions; their hair floated in the wind; they were covered with the skin of a hind, which, crossing their shoulders was fastened upon their bosoms by snakes that played around their necks. Some carried in their arms half grown kids; others presented their breasts to the offspring of the wolf; they were all crowned with branches of oak and of fir; men disguised as satyrs accompanied them, dragging a he-goat decorated with garlands. There was Pan with his flute; behind him appeared Silenus whose head, made heavy with wine, rolled from one shoulder to the other: he was mounted upon an ass and supported by Fauns

and Sylvans. There was a Mænade* with her crown of ivy,—an Ægipan† with her half-filled cup; the riotous cavalcade reeled and stumbled as they marched and drank to Bacchus, to Venus, and to Injury. Three choirs chanted alternately:

"Let us sing Evohe,—let us unceasingly pro-
"claim Evohe,—Evohe!

"Son of Semele,—pride of Thebes with the
"golden buckler,—come, dance with Flora, spouse
"of Zephyrus and queen of flowers! Descend
"amongst us, O comforter of Ariadne, thou
"who traversest the summits of Ismarus, of Rho-
"dope and of Cytheron! God of pleasure,—child
"of the daughter of Cadmus,—thou wast nursed
"in a fragrant cave by the nymphs of Nysa, as-
"sisted by the Graces. Scarcely hadst thou
"issued from the thigh of Jupiter, when thou re-
"ducedst to subjection those who had renounced
"thy worship. Thou didst revenge thyself on
"the pirates of Tyrsenum, who stole thee away,
"thinking that thou wert the child of a mortal.
"Thou causedst delicious wine to flow in the
"black vessel; from the tops of the sails fell the
"branches of a full-bearing vine, and ivy, laden

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* Mænade, a priestess of Bacchus, from the the greek word *μαινομαι, to be furious.*

† Ægipan, a name of Pan, derived from *αιξ, a goat,* because he was represented with the horns, legs, feet and tail of that animal.

" with its fruit, wound around the sprouting mast ;
" garlands covered the seats of the rowers ; a
" lion appeared at the poop ; the sailors, trans-
" formed into dolphins, plunged into the waves.
" Thou laughedst, O king Evohe!

" Let us sing Evohe, let us unceasingly pro-
" claim Evohe, Evohe!

" Nurseling of the Hyades and of the Hours,—
" pupil of the Muses and of Silenus,—thou who
" hast the black eyes of the Graces, the golden
" locks of Apollo, and his immortal youth,—O
" Bacchus, abandon the shores of subjected India,
" and come and assume the sceptre of Italy.
" Here are produced the wines of Falernus and
" of Cecuba : twice a-year does the ripe fruit
" cling to the tree, and the young lamb to its mo-
" ther's breast. Coursers, ardent for the chace,
" are seen skimming along our plains,—and on the
" borders of the Clitumnus feed the milk-white
" oxen which march to the Capitol, before the tri-
" umphing hero of Rome. Two seas waft to our
" shores the treasures of the world. Brass, sil-
" ver and gold run in streams within the bowels
" of this sacred land. She has given birth to ce-
" lebrated people, and heroes still more celebrat-
" ed. Hail, rich, prolific soil, country of Saturn,
" mother of illustrious men! Long mayest thou
" enjoy the treasures of Ceres, and delight in the
" cry of Evohe!

"Let us sing Evohe—let us unceasingly proclaim Evohe, Evohe!"

Alas, men may inhabit the same spot, but how various and discordant are their sentiments and their habits! Could they have been taken for brothers and inhabitants of the same city, of whom some passed their days in mirth, and others in tears—some chanted the song of hymen, and others celebrated the funeral of a friend! How affecting was it, in this delirium of pagan Rome, to behold the Christians offering up their humble prayers to God, deploring the criminal licentiousness that prevailed, and exhibiting every example of modesty and self-denial, in the midst of drunkenness and debauchery! Around altars concealed in dungeons—in the bosom of the catacombs—at the tombs of the martyrs—assembled the persecuted Faithful. They fasted—they watched, self-devoted victims, to expiate the crimes of the world; and whilst the names of Flora and of Bacchus resounded in abominable songs, in the midst of wine and of blood, the names of Jesus Christ and of Maria were repeated in secret in chaste hymns in the midst of tears.

Most of the Christians confined themselves to their houses—avoiding at once the fury of the people and the spectacle of idolatry. In the streets were seen only a few priests attached to the service of monasteries or prisons—some deacons employed in endeavoring to save the poor

victims whom Galerius had sentenced to death, or females engaged in rescuing slaves abandoned by their masters, or infants exposed by their unnatural mothers. O the charity of the primitive Christians! Their sufferings were the principal entertainments of pagan festivals; and yet did they interest themselves in the fate of the idolaters, as if the idolaters were to them brothers full of compassion and tender love!

In the meantime, having repelled the assaults of the Prince of darkness, the victorious martyrs re-entered their dungeons: so, formerly, under the walls of Ilion, a troop of heroes rushed out upon the besieging foe; the works are destroyed—the ditches filled up—the palisades torn from the ground, and the sons of Laomedon return triumphantly within their secret ramparts. But Eudorus, fatigued by this last combat, is unable to raise his sinking head; in vain do the bishops speak to him—console him—extol his courage to the skies—he remains silent and unconscious even of their presence. The image of the new dangers of Cymodocea presses upon his mind. What must be the torments of the martyr! *Already*, although nearly seated on the clouds, has he wavered, and perhaps still wavers between shame and apostacy—between the eternity of the torments of Hell, and his present sufferings!

The son of Lasthenes did not know that he had been intentionally deceived by the judge.

Festus was the friend of the prefect of Rome, and this alone would have prevented him from yielding up Cymodocea to Hierocles. But besides, Festus had been struck by the answers, and the magnanimity of Eudorus. Descending from his tribunal, he had repaired to the palace of Galerius, and had besought the emperor to name another judge to preside over the destinies of the Christian:

"There is no more need of judges, cried the angry tyrant. Those wretches glory in their torments, and the fool-hardiness which they display corrupts the people and the soldiers. With what insolence has the chief of this impious race sustained his tortures! No more time shall be spent in seeking to restore them to reason. I condemn all the Christians now in prison, without distinction of age or sex, to be given up to the beasts, on the anniversary of my birth. Go, publish this decree."

Festus was well aware of the violence of Galerius: he replied not. He left his presence, and caused the orders of the prince to be proclaimed; —at the same time saying within himself, like Pilate:

"I am innocent of the death of these just men."

When Hierocles came in the middle of the night to speak with him, he experienced new sentiments of compassion towards Eudorus. A man

naturally cruel, as was the judge of the Christians, may nevertheless be the enemy of villany: he felt indignant at the base designs of the fallen minister; he determined to profit by the proposition of this miserable wretch, and endeavour to save Eudorus by engaging him to sacrifice to the gods. He then wrote the letter which Eudorus received at the funeral banquet.

God, who designed the triumph of his Church, caused every thing to eventuate to the glory of the martyrs, which might have tended to deprive them of the crown. Thus the firmness of Eudorus in his torments, served but to hasten the death of his companions—and the letter of Festus aggravated the evils which it was intended to prevent. Galerius, informed of the circumstances which took place at the repast, dismissed all those centurions who had exhibited any respect towards their ancient general; the foreign legions were all, under various pretexts, removed from Rome; and the prætorians, glutted with wine and gold, were the only guards of the city. The names of Cymodocea, of Eudorus, and of Hierocles, striking anew the ears of the emperor, plunged him into the most ungovernable rage. Galerius designed particularly the spouse of Eudorus for the massacre of the ensuing day; he ordered that the son of Lasthenes should appear alone, and the first, in the amphitheatre, thus depriving him of the happiness of dying with his

friends; and he commanded that Hierocles should be thrown into the hold of a vessel, and transported to the place of his exile.

This sentence, suddenly announced to Hierocles, communicated to him the stroke of death. The patience and forbearance of God were about to give place to his justice. Scarcely had Hierocles issued from the mansion of the judge, than he perceived himself again struck by the sword of the exterminating Angel. In a single instant, the malady which had been preying upon him leaves no more place for hope. The pagans, who regard leprosy as a curse from heaven, retire from the apostate; his very slaves abandon him. Deserted by the whole world, he finds no succour save from those whom he had so cruelly persecuted. The Christians, whose charity alone dare brave all human miseries, open their convent gates to their persecutor. There, stretched near a mangled confessor, Hierocles beholds his sufferings relieved by the same hand which dresses the wounds of a martyr. But the exhibition of so many virtues serves but to irritate this derelict of heaven; sometimes he calls with loud cries for Cymodocea; sometimes he fancies he beholds Eudorus, holding in his hand a blazing sword, and threatening him from the skies. It was in the midst of these transports, that the last order of Galerius reached his ear. Then, rising like a spectre upon his poisonous bed, the pretended sage,

in a horrible and quivering tone, murmurs forth these words:

"I go—to repose forever."

He expires. Fearful deception! This soul, which thought to die with the body, instead of a profound and tranquil night, suddenly *beholds*, in the bosom of the tomb, an overwhelming blaze of light. A voice, issuing from the midst of this splendour, pronounces distinctly these words:

"I AM WHO I AM."

At the instant, an eternity of existence is revealed to the atheist soul. Three truths fasten at once upon this condemned spirit: its own existence—the existence of God—and the certainty of recompense without limits, of punishment without end. Oh that it was buried beneath the ruins of the universe, if it might only be hid from the presence of the Sovereign Judge! An invincible power bears it, in the twinkling of an eye, naked and trembling to the foot of the tribunal of God. It beholds, for one moment only, Him whom it has denied in time, and whom it shall never again behold in eternity. The All-Powerful appears upon the clouds;—his son is seated at his right;—the army of the Saints surround them;—Hell hastens to demand its prey. The protecting Angel of Hierocles, confused and melted even to tears, still continues near the guilty spirit.

"Angel," says the Sovereign Arbiter, "why "hast thou not protected this soul?"

" Lord," replies the Angel, covering himself with his wings, " thou art the God of mercy."

" Creature," says the same voice, " did not the " Angel give thee salutary warnings ?"

The soul, overwhelmed with terror, self-condemned, returns no answer.

" It is ours," exclaimed the rebel Angels: " this " soul has deceived the world by its pretended " wisdom ; it has persecuted innocence—outraged " modesty—shed guiltless blood ; it has not re- " pented of its crimes."

" Open the book of life,"—said the Ancient of days.

A prophet opened the book of life :—the name of Hierocles was blotted out.

" Depart, thou cursed," exclaims the incorruptible Judge, " into everlasting flames!"

At this moment, the soul of the atheist begins to hate God with the hatred of the damned, and falls towards the burning gulf. Hell opens to receive its victim and closes upon it, pronouncing:

" Eternity !"

The echo of the abyss repeats :

" Eternity !"

The Father of the human race, whilst he punishes guilt, prepares a crown for innocence.

There is in heaven a divine Power who is the constant companion of religion and virtue. She it is who aids us in the support of life—embarks

with us to point out the haven of rest—and is alike affable and attentive to the illustrious traveller and to the obscure pilgrim. Although her eyes are covered with a bandelet, yet does her view penetrate the veil of futurity: sometimes she holds newly budding flowers in her hand;—sometimes a cup filled with rich sparkling liquor;—nothing can equal the charms of her voice—the fascinating graces of her smile;—the nearer the approach to the tomb, the more pure and splendid does she appear; Faith and Charity say to her: "My sister!"—and her name is Hope.

The Eternal directs this beauteous Seraph to descend towards Cymodocea, to unfold to her distant view celestial joys, in order to support her under the tribulations of the world. An unfounded rumour had suspended, for a few moments, the sorrows of the youthful Christian. It was reported throughout Rome that Eudorus had received a pardon: the letter of Festus and the scene of the Free Repast incorrectly explained, had given birth to this rumour. Blanche had hastened to communicate this false report, as a certainty, to the daughter of Demodocus; but how bitterly did Blanche repent of her indiscreet goodness, when she was made acquainted with the true destiny of Eudorus, and the decree which sentenced all imprisoned Christians to certain death! Sævus, transported with savage joy, orders her to carry to Cymodocea the vestment

of the female martyrs. It was a blue tunic, a black girdle, black buskins, a black mantle and a white veil. The feeble and afflicted guardian, drowned in tears, accomplished her message of grief. She had not resolution to undeceive the orphan, and to announce her approaching fate.

" My sister," she says, addressing her, " here is a new vestment. The peace of God be with you!"

" What vestment is it?" demands Cymodocea. " Is it my nuptial robe? Is it sent me by my spouse?"

" It is for her who must use it," replied the keeper's wife.

" Oh," exclaims Cymodocea full of joy, " my spouse has received his pardon—now shall our union be completed."

Blanche, with a bursting heart, hastily says:

" Pray, my sister, for yourself and for me!"

She departs.

Left alone with the vestment of glory, Cymodocea considers it attentively, and takes it in her lovely hands.

" They command me," she says, " to prepare for my spouse; I must obey."

She soon robes herself with the tunic, which she fastens with the girdle; the buskins cover her feet which are whiter than the marble of Paros; she throws the veil over her head, and suspends the mantle from her shoulders:—so is painted

Night, the mother of Love, enveloped in her azure veils and funereal crapes; so Marcia, less young, less beautiful, less virtuous, appeared to the eyes of the younger Cato, when she acknowledged him as her husband in the midst of the tumults of Rome, and when she presented herself at the altar of Hymen in the habit of a mourning bride. Cymodocea knows not that she now wears the robe of death! She contemplates herself in this mournful apparel, which renders her appearance doubly interesting; she recals to mind that day on which she decorated herself with the ornaments of the Muses, to accompany her father in his visit to the family of Lasthenes.

" My nuptial robe," said she, " is not so daz-
" zling; but it will perhaps give greater pleasure
" to my spouse, because it is a Christian robe."

The recollection of her former happiness, and of the lovely scenes of Greece, inspired the daughter of Homer. She seated herself at the window of her prison, and reclining upon her hand her head embellished with the veil of the martyrs, she breathed these harmonious accents:

" Fleet vessels of Ausonia, cut the calm and
" shining sea! Slaves of Neptune, abandon the
" sail to the amorous breathing of the winds!
" Bend over the agile oar! Bear me, under the
" protection of my spouse and my father, to the
" happy shores of the Pamisus!

" Fly, birds of Lybia, whose flexile neck curves

" with grace, fly to the summit of Ithome, and " tell that the daughter of Homer is about to re- " visit the laurels of Messenia!

" When shall I again enjoy my ivory couch— " the light of day so dear to mortals—the mea- " dows sprinkled with flowers watered by the " purest dew, and embellished by the breath of " chastity!

" I was like a young heifer taken from the bo- " som of a grotto, or straying upon the moun- " tains, and fed by the sound of rustic instru- " ments. Now, in a solitary prison, upon the " indigent couch of Ceres....!

" But whence is it, that whilst I am attempt- " ing to sing like the linnet, I sigh like the flute " consecrated to the dead? I am clothed with " the nuptial robe;—my heart shall still experi- " ence a mother's joy, and a mother's inquietude; " —I shall behold my son clinging to my robe, like " the timid bird which shelters itself under its " parent's wing! Alas, am I not myself a young " bird torn from its parental nest?

" Why do my father and my spouse thus delay " to appear! Ah, was I permitted still to im- " plore the Graces and the Muses—if I could " still interrogate Heaven in the entrails of the " victim—But I offend a God, whom I as yet " scarcely know;—let me lean upon the cross!"

Night had now descended upon intoxicated Rome. Suddenly the gates of the prison open,

and the centurion, whose office it was to read to the Christians the emperor's decree, stood before Cymodocea. He was accompanied by a number of soldiers: a few others, halting in the exterior courts, detained the keeper, and plied him with wine furnished for the idolatrous rites.

Like a dove which, surprised by the hunter in the clefts of a rock, sits motionless with fear, and dares not fly for safety in the expanse of heaven; so the daughter of Demodocus, struck with astonishment and apprehension, remains immovable upon the half broken seat of her prison. The soldiers light a torch. O prodigy! The spouse of Eudorus fancies she beholds Dorotheus under the garb of a centurion! Dorotheus contemplates, in his turn, a female in the habit of a martyr! Never had she appeared so beautiful to his eyes: the blue tunic, the black mantle, displayed the brilliant whiteness of her complexion; and her eyes, fatigued with weeping, beamed the most angelic sweetness: she resembled the tender Narcissus which droops its languishing head on the margin of a solitary pool. Dorotheus and the other Christians, disguised as soldiers, raise their hands to heaven, whilst their eyes are dimmed with tears.

"Is it thou, companion of my journeyings when far distant from my native land?" cried the young Messenian, throwing herself upon her knees, and extending her arms towards Dorotheus.

" Dost thou at length visit thine Esther? Generous mortal, comest thou to guide my steps towards my father and my spouse? How long would the night have been without thee!"

Dorotheus replies, in a voice interrupted by his tears:

" Cymodocea, dost thou then know thy destiny? That robe...."

" It is my nuptial robe," exclaims the ingenuous virgin. " But if all is finished—if my spouse is pardoned, and if I am free—why these tears and this mystery?"

" Let us fly," replied Dorotheus; " wrap yourself in this toga—we have not a moment to lose. Accompanied by these brave friends, I have glided into your prison under favour of my disguise; I shewed the emperor's decree; Sævus has mistaken me for the centurion appointed to announce to you the fatal sentence."

" What sentence?" exclaims the daughter of Homer.

" You know not then," answers Dorotheus, " that the Christians now imprisoned are condemned to die to-morrow in the amphitheatre?"

" And is my spouse comprised in this sentence?" cries the new Christian, rising up with a solemnity which she had not before displayed. " Speak—do not deceive me. I know not the inviolable oath of the Christians; I once would have sworn by Erebus, and by the genius of my

father. Here is your sacred book; it is written in this book: "Thou shalt not lie." Swear, then, upon the Holy Evangelists, that my Eudorus is pardoned."

Dorotheus turned pale; his eyes swam with tears, and he cried:

"Woman, wouldst thou have me speak to thee of the glory with which thy husband is covered, and of that which still awaits him?"

Cymodocea trembled like a palm-tree struck by lightning.

"Your words," said she, "have penetrated like a sword into my heart. I understand you! And you wish me to fly! These are not the maxims of a Christian! Eudorus is covered with wounds for his God; he is to combat ferocious beasts, and I am counselled to fly from my fate, and to abandon him to his destiny! But no! Hope stands by my side and holds out to my view happiness and celestial beauties. If, feeble and discouraged, I have sometimes dwelt upon human life with sentiments of complacency and of desire, all these feelings have now passed away. No, the waters of the Jordan have not rolled over my head in vain! I salute thee, sacred robe, of whose value I have been hitherto ignorant! I now see, that thou art the robe of martyrdom! The purple with which thou art to-morrow to be stained will be immortal, and will render me more worthy to appear before my spouse!"

So saying, Cymodocea, seized with a holy enthusiasm, raised the robe to her lips and kissed it with respect.

"Well," exclaimed Dorotheus, "if you will not follow us, we will perish with you; we will remain here; we will declare that we are Christians; and to-morrow you shall conduct us to the amphitheatre. But does religion demand this at your hands? You would die without receiving the benediction of your father—without embracing that venerable old man who is now expecting you, and whom your determination will force into the omb. Ah, had you seen him strewing his hoary head with ashes, tearing his vestments, rolling in agonies of grief at the foot of your prison walls —Cymodocea, you would suffer your heart to be softened."

As the ice, formed in a single night in the early spring, melts before the rays of the sun—as the flower, just ready to open, bursts the light envelope which confines it—so does the resolution of Cymodocea vanish at these words—so does filial piety reflourish in her bosom. She cannot think for an instant of endangering those generous men who expose themselves for her safety; she cannot die without attempting to console Demodocus; she preserves a moment's silence; she listens to the counsels of the Angel of celestial hopes who speaks to her spirit: then suddenly revolving within her breast a sublime project, she cries:

"Come, let us go to my father!"

The overjoyed Christians conceal the hair of the youthful virgin under a casque; they envelope Cymodocea in one of those white togas bordered with purple which are assumed by the youth of Rome on the completion of their years of infancy: she might have been taken for the fleet Camilla, the beautiful Ascanius, or the unfortunate Marcellus. The Christians place the daughter of Homer in the centre of their little band; they extinguish their torches—they issue together, and leave the keeper, overcome by wine, carefully closing the empty cells.

The holy troop disperse in darkness, and Zachariah hastens to Eudorus to announce the deliverance of Cymodocea.

The generous fiction contained in the note of Festus had been already made known in the prison of Saint Peter, and the son of Lasthenes relieved from the almost insupportable burthen of grief. But when informed by Zachariah that the lamb had escaped from the lion's cave, he uttered a cry of joy which was repeated by all the martyrs. The confessors, although they looked with admiration upon those among the Faithful who fought in the good fight of faith, yet they desired not to behold the streams of their brothers' blood. The victims, who had sunk in sorrow on account of the afflictions of the son of Lasthenes, resumed their wonted serenity: they no longer

conversed but upon their approaching death. They began with praises to the God who rescued Joash from the hands of Athaliah.* Then followed grave discourses, pious exhortations: Cyrillus spake with majesty, Victor with force, Genes with gaiety, Gervasius and Protasius with

* When the wicked Athaliah assumed the government of Judah, in order to render herself more secure in her possession, she cut off all those of the seed-royal whom the cruelty of Jehu had spared, except Joash, her infant grandchild, who was secreted by his aunt for six years in an apartment of the temple: during all which time Athaliah governed the Jews, and encouraged the vilest idolatry with the most assiduous attention. In the seventh year, Jehoiada, the high priest, engaging the leading men of the kingdom in his interest, produced the young prince in a public assembly, in the court of the temple: he caused the people to take an oath of fidelity to him—and engaged both them and their king to serve the Lord. Arming the Levites and other friends with weapons deposited in the temple, he appointed one part of them to guard the royal person—the rest to secure the gates of the sacred courts: next he brought forth the young prince, put the crown on his head, anointed him with oil, and by sound of trumpet, attended with the shouts of the populace, proclaimed him king. Alarmed at the noise, Athaliah ran to the temple to see what had happened; shocked with the sight of the king on his throne, she rent her clothes, and cried, *Treason! treason!* At Jehoiada's orders, the guard directly carried her out of the courts, and slew her at the stable-gate of the palace. This was in the year of the world 3126. See 2 Kings xi, 2 Chron. xxiii. Racine has made this the subject of one of the noblest tragedies in the French language. See his Athalie.

fraternal unction, Perseus, the descendant of Alexander, offered lessons drawn from history; Thraseas, the hermit of Vesuvius, clothed his maxims in smiling images:

"Since our whole life," said he to Perseus, "amounts to but a few short days, what would the grandeur of your birth have availed you? What is the difference, at a moment like this, whether you have performed your voyage in a skiff, or in a trireme? The skiff would even be preferable, for it would bound over the waves near the shore where lie a thousand dangers; the vessel navigates a stormy sea, where havens are few, rocks frequent, and where often the anchor cannot be thrown by reason of the unfathomable depth of the abyss."

Such was the freedom of mind, the calmness, the enjoyment of these men during the last night which they were to pass upon the earth. The martyrs, both young and old, animated by the breath of the Holy Spirit, poured forth all the treasures of virtue, and presented in beauteous union the most lovely fruits of wisdom: such are the fertile plains of Campania;—the young seed is sown under the shade of an aged poplar which supports the vine; soon the ripening blade shoots up to meet the blushing grape, which in its turn descends towards the golden ear; the breath of heaven passes through the foliage, agitates the poplars, the ears, the garlands of the vine, and

mingles together the fragrant odours of the harvest-field, the garden, and the forest.

But Dorotheus, like a courageous shepherd, has opened a way through the idolatrous crowd. Upon the edge of the Esquiline* hill stood a retreat formerly inhabited by Virgil; a laurel planted at the entrance offered an object of veneration to the people. Dorotheus, in the days of his power, had purchased this house with an intention of embellishing it for his own residence. It was there that he carried the daughter of Homer for concealment. Demodocus was already in this solitary habitation, filling it with his cries of anguish. The old man was seated in the dust, under a portico: he fancied he beheld two warriors advancing towards him through the shade.

"Who are you?" he exclaims with a loud voice. "Phantoms sent by the blood-thirsty Eumenides, do you come to plunge me into the night of Tartarus? Are you Christian Genii, announcing to me my daughter's death? Perish Christ and his temples! Perish the God who affixes his worshippers to a cross!"

"Yet these are they who restore your daughter to your arms!" replies Cymodocea, throwing herself upon her father's neck.

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* Æsquiliæ, or Esquilinus mons was one of the seven hills upon which Rome was built.

The casque of the young martyr rolls upon the earth; her hair floats upon her shoulders; the warrior is transformed into a lovely virgin. Demodocus sinks lifeless to the ground; they soon restore the venerable man; they tell him of mysteries which his joy will not permit him to comprehend. Cymodocea endeavours to console him by words and caresses:

"O my father, have I once more found thee after so cruel a separation! Behold me then at thy feet! It is I—it is thy Cymodocea, for whom thy lips first learned to pronounce the tender name of daughter. Thou receivedst me into thy arms at my birth; thou loadedst me with thy caresses and thy benedictions: how many times, supported upon thy arm, how many times have I promised to make thee the happiest of mortals? And have I caused tears to flow from thine eyes? O my father, do I then fold thee in my arms! Ah, let us enjoy these moments of unhoped for happiness! Thou knowest that heaven is prompt to resume the gifts it may confer upon us."

Then Demodocus:

"Glory of my ancestors—daughter, more precious to my heart than the light which illuminates the happy abodes of Elysium—could I recount to thee my griefs, as I sought thee in the places where I had seen thee, and around the walls of those prisons which hid thee from my love! Ah, said I to myself, I shall not prepare her nup-

tial couch—I shall not enkindle the torch of her marriage! I shall be left alone upon the earth, when the gods have deprived me of my crown and my joy! When I folded my daughter in my arms upon the shores of Attica, did I then embrace her for the last time? How sweet was the look which she fastened upon me! How tender was the smile which shone upon her lovely countenance! Was that her last smile for me?—O beloved features, which beam with candour and innocence, and seem formed for happiness, have I once more found you? How sweet and grateful it is to feel this heart, young and full of life, palpitate upon a heart which is old and exhausted by grief!"

Such are the complaints of Demodocus and Cymodocea: Halcyon, who builds her nest upon the waves, utters with her little ones piteous moanings from the floating cradle which the vast ocean is soon to ingulf. Dorotheus causes lights to be brought, and conducts the father and daughter to a hall where two beds had been prepared; he retires and leaves them to their tenderness. The whole night would have passed away in mutual recitals and touching caresses, had not the priest of the gods, suddenly throwing himself at the feet of Cymodocea, exclaimed:

"O my daughter, terminate my fears and my sufferings! Abjure those altars which continu-

ally expose thee to new persecutions; return to the worship of thy father. Hierocles is no longer to be feared. He who was to be thy husband...."

Cymodocea falls in her turn at the knees of the old man.

"My father at my feet," she cries, raising Demodocus! "Ah, I have not strength to support this trial! O my father, spare a weak and feeble girl—do not seduce her; leave to her the God of her husband. If you knew how much my respect and my love for you have been augmented by that God....!"

"That God," exclaimed Demodocus, "would have deprived me of my daughter; he is about to take from you your husband!"

"No," replied Cymodocea, "I shall not lose Eudorus: he will live forever—his glory will be reflected upon me."

"What," resumed the priest of Homer, "will you not lose Eudorus when he is deposited in the tomb?"

"There is no tomb for him," exclaimed the inspired virgin; "they weep not for Christians who have suffered death for their God as they weep for other men."

But Cymodocea, who conceals an awful design within her bosom, now invites her father to repose: she constrains him by her prayers to throw himself upon a bed. The old man was

unwilling that his daughter should leave his presence for a moment; he was in continual fear lest she should again abandon him: so, when a man has been for a long time pursued by a frightful dream, at the moment of awakening he still beholds the horrible image, and the dawning day does not wholly re-assure his mind. Cymodocea complains of fatigue; she reclines upon the remaining bed at the other extremity of the hall, and addresses this silent prayer to the Eternal:

"O thou unknown and incomprehensible God, who penetratest into the secret recesses of my heart—God, who hast delivered up thine only Son, the Son of thy love, to death—if my designs are agreeable to thee, cause one of those Spirits which are called thine Angels, to descend towards my father: close his eyes, made heavy by his tears, and remember him when I shall have abandoned him for Thee."

She said, and her prayer, upon the wings of flames, ascends before the Eternal. The Eternal receives it in his mercy, and the Angel of sleep immediately leaves the ethereal vaults. He holds in his hand his golden sceptre with which he calms the sufferings of the just. He first wings his way through the region of suns, and, guided by unceasing cries of pain, descends towards the earth. Alighting upon this globe, he stops for a moment upon the highest summit of the mountains of Armenia; his eyes seek for the

deserts where once stood the garden of Eden;* he recals to mind the first sleep of man, when God drew from the side of Adam the lovely companion who was to destroy and to save the human race. He then wings his flight towards mount Lebanon; he beholds beneath him profound vallies, foaming torrents, lofty cedars; he arrives at those happy plains where the patriarchs were wont to enjoy his gifts under the shade of the spreading palm. He then skims along the seas of Sidon and of Tyre, and, leaving far distant the place of Teucer's† exile—the tomb of Aristomenes‡—Crete, the pride of kings—Sicily,

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* The garden of Eden, according to the opinions of those who appear to have been most successful in their inquiries upon this subject, seems to have been situated upon the confluence of the Euphrates and the Tigris, not far from the Persian Gulf. See Shuckford's Creation, &c. Well's Geography of the Old Testament.

† Teucer, the son of Telamon, king of Salamis, was one of the most famous heroes in the Trojan war. His father is said to have refused him admittance into his kingdom, after his return from Troy, because he left the death of his brother Ajax unrevenged: in consequence of which he retired to the isle of Cyprus, where he built a town which he called Salamis, after his native country. He built a temple to Jupiter in this island, on the altar of which a man was annually sacrificed, until the reign of the Antonines. Lemp.

‡ Aristomenes was a celebrated general of the Messenians, and was distinguished no less by his valour and his love of liberty, than by the vicissitudes of his life. He acquired, like Aristides, the surname of *the just*—and such was his reputa-

beloved by shepherds—he discovers the shores of Italy. He cuts the air without noise or motion of his wings; he scatters in his path freshness and dew; he appears, the waves subside—the flowers incline towards the earth—the dove hides its head beneath its wing—and the lion slumbers in his cave. The seven hills of the Eternal city at length present themselves to the Angel of consolation. He beholds, with horror, a million of idolaters troubling the repose of night: he abandons them to their guilty riotings; he is deaf to the voice of Galerius; but he closes, in passing, the eyes of the martyrs; he flies to the solitary retreat of Demodocus. The unfortunate father lies tossing and restless upon his couch; the celestial messenger extends his peace-bestowing sceptre, and touches the eye-lids of the venerable man. Demodocus instantly falls into a profound and delicious slumber. He had hitherto known only that Sleep which is the brother of Death, the inhabitant of Hell, the child of those Dæmons whom impious men call gods; he was ignorant of that sleep of life which comes from

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tion, that when a citizen of Rhodes inquired of the oracle at Delos whom he should marry, he was directed to espouse the daughter of the most worthy of the Greeks—meaning Aristomenes. He died while on a visit to his son-in-law, at Rhodes, where a magnificent monument was erected to his memory. The independence of his country is said to have expired with him. See Anach. Trav. vol. iv, p. 38 et seq.

heaven; a powerful charm, composed of peace and innocence, which causes no dreams, which weighs not down the soul, and which seems to be but the sweet vapour of virtue. The Angel of repose dare not approach Cymodocea: he inclines with respect towards the still praying virgin, and leaving her upon the earth, departs to wait her arrival in the skies.

THE ARGUMENT.

Farewel to the Muse. Malady of Galerius. Amphitheatre of Vespasian. Eudorus is conducted to martyrdom. Michael plunges Satan into the abyss. Cymodocea escapes from her father and joins Eudorus at the Amphitheatre. Galerius learns that Constantine has been proclaimed Cæsar. Martyrdom of Eudorus and Cymodocea. Triumph of the Christian religion.

BOOK XXIV.

O Muse, who hast condescended to support me in a career as long as it has been perilous, return now to thy celestial abodes! I behold the termination of my course; I am about to descend from the chariot;—and to sing the hymn of the dead I need not thy assistance. Where is the Frenchman at this day who knows not the funeral song? Who amongst us has not gone in the garb of mourning around the tomb? Who has not sent forth the cry of grief for his departed friend? One moment more, O Muse, and it is finished—and I abandon thine altars forever! I shall no longer speak of the loves and the seducing dreams of men: the lyre must be abandoned with youth. Adieu, thou consoler of my days—thou who hast so often shared my pleasures, and so much oftener my pains! Can I bid thee farewel without shedding a few tears of regret? Scarce had I passed my infancy, when thou mountedst my rapid bark, and chantedst the tempests that rent my sails; thou followedst me under the barken roof of the Savage, and thou causedst me to find American solitudes the woods of Pindus. To

what shore hast thou not conducted my roving fancy or my wandering steps? Borne upon thy wings, I have discovered, in the midst of clouds, the gloomy mountains of Morven—I have penetrated into the forests of Herminsul—I have beheld the flowing waves of the Tiber—and I have saluted the olive-trees of the Cephisus and the laurels of the Eurotas. Thou hast shewn to me the lofty cypresses of the Bosphorus, and the desert sepulchres of the Simois. With thee have I crossed the Hermus, the rival of the Pactolus: with thee have I adored the waters of the Jordan, and prayed upon Mount Zion. Memphis and Carthage have beheld us meditating amidst their ruins; and in the remains of the palace of Granada* have we invoked the recollections of honour and of love. Thou then saidst to me:

"Learn well to appreciate that glory, the theatre of which an obscure and feeble pilgrim may traverse in a few days."

O Muse, I shall not forget thy lessons! My heart shall not descend from the elevated regions where thou hast placed it. The talents which thou communicatest to the mind, weaken by the lapse of years; the voice loses its melody, and

* The famous Moorish palace of the Alhambra. It is said that the Moors still offer up prayers, every Friday, for the recovery of the city of Granada, which they regard as a terrestrial paradise. See Swinburne's Travels.

the fingers freeze upon the lute; but the noble sentiments which thou impartest remain when all thy other gifts have disappeared. Faithful companion of my life, in remounting to thy skies, leave me possessed of independence and of virtue. Come, ye austere virgins, come—close for me the book of Poesy, and open to my view the historic page. I have consecrated the age of illusions to the smiling pictures of fiction: I will employ the age of regrets to the severer representations of truth.

But, what do I say? Have I not already entered into the field of useless example? Ah, the sufferings inflicted by Galerius upon the Christians are not vain fictions.

It is time that Heaven should avenge upon the oppressor the cause of innocence oppressed. The Angel of sleep attended not to the prayers of Galerius: he left him a prey to the exterminating Angel. The wine of the wrath of God, penetrating into the entrails of the persecutor of the Faithful, had driven forth a hidden malady, the fruit of intemperance and debauchery. From the girdle to the head, Galerius is nothing but a skeleton covered with a livid skin which is buried among the bones; the lower part of his body is inflated like a wine bag, and his feet have no longer any form. When upon the borders of a pool covered with reeds and rushes, a serpent seizes upon the flanks of a bull, the animal wearies him-

self in the folds of the reptile; he strikes the air with his horns;—but soon, conquered by the venom, he falls and rolls with piteous bellowings in the dust: so tosses and roars Galerius. The gangrene preys upon his vitals. To draw out towards the surface the worms which feed upon this master of the world, they apply to his exhausted wounds the flesh of animals newly slain. They invoke Apollo, Æsculapius, Hygæa;* vain idols, which are unable to defend themselves from the worms which pierce their own hearts! Galerius caused those physicians to be beheaded who found no remedy for his sufferings.†

"Prince," said one amongst them, who had been secretly educated in the Christian faith, "*this* malady is beyond our skill to cure: recourse must be had to a higher power. Reflect upon what you have done against the servants of God, and you will perceive to whom you ought to apply for aid. I am prepared to die with my brethren; but physicians cannot cure you."

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* The Greeks worshipped health, or rather an imaginary goddess which they supposed to preside over health, under the title of Hygeia or Hygieia, the reputed daughter of Æsculapius and Meditrina. A similar goddess was recognized by the Romans under the name of Salus. Hygeria, or Salus, was represented crowned with laurels, with a serpent on her left arm, to which she held a patera or cup, out of which the serpent sometimes drank.

† See a lively picture of the disease of Galerius in the Universal History, vol. xv, page 359. Dub. Edit.

This candid declaration plunges Galerius into transports of rage. He cannot resolve to acknowledge the impiety of that title of Eternal which he has caused to be attached to the existence of a moment. His fury against the Christians burns with redoubled fierceness: far from inclining to suspend their sufferings, he confirms his sentence, and waits the return of day only to exhibit in the amphitheatre the awful spectacle of a prince, hastening to contemplate his subjects' death while he is himself a victim to the gloomy king.

His impatience was not of long continuance: already did the golden waves of the Tiber, the hills of Alba, the woods of Lucretilis and of Tibur smile with the nascent fires of Aurora. The dew drop sparkled upon the awakening plant; the Roman champaign beamed with the soft brilliancy of infant light. The distant mountains of the Sabines, enveloped by a transparent vapour, displayed the colour of the fruit of the plum-tree, when its violet purple is slightly whitened by its flower. The curling smoke ascended slowly from the hamlets; the foggy clouds rolled heavily along the hills, and the summits of the trees just began to open to the view: never did a more beautiful day spring from the east to contemplate the crimes and the sufferings of mankind. O sun, seated upon thy lofty throne from whence thou beholdest the actions of men, what are our tears and our wretchedness to thee! Thy rising and thy setting can ne-

ver be disturbed by the breath of our miseries; thou enlightenest with the same rays both vice and virtue; generations pass away like the rolling wave, whilst thou pursuest thine uninterrupted course!

Already did the people begin to assemble in the amphitheatre of Vespasian: all Rome flocked to behold the blood of the martyrs. An hundred thousand spectators, some covered with the skirts of their robes, others holding an umbel over their heads, had already spread themselves along the seats. The crowd rushed through the porches, descended and mounted along the exterior galleries, and took their stations upon the marble steps. A grating of gold defended the senatorial bench from the attack of the wild beasts. To give freshness to the air, fountains, set in motion by ingenious machines, sent forth streams of wine and saffron water, which fell in odoriferous dews. Three thousand statues of bronze, an infinite multitude of paintings, columns of jasper and of porphyry, ballustrades of crystal, vases of costly workmanship, decorated the scene. In a canal, dug around the arena, swam a hippopotamus* and

* The hippopotamus, or *horse of the river*, is supposed to be the same with the *behemoth* of Job: the manners, food, haunts, &c. of this animal, as described in the book of Job, agreeing admirably with those of the hippopotamus. Ancient writers describe it as possessing the most marvellous powers of strength. Pliny relates that Scaurus, during his ædile-

crocodiles; five hundred lions, forty elephants, tigers, panthers, bulls, bears accustomed to tear in pieces their human prey, roared in the caverns of the amphitheatre. Gladiators, not less ferocious, here and there essayed their blood-stained arms. Near the caverns of death, were the places of publie prostitution: naked courtezans and Roman females of the highest rank, augmented, as in the days of Nero, the horror of the spectacle, and came, rivals of death, to dispute the favours of a dying prince. Add to all these the last howlings of the Mænades lying in the streets, and expiring under the efforts of their god, and you will behold all the pomps and all the dishonour of slavery.

The prætorians, charged with the office of conducting the confessors to martyrdom, already surrounded the gates of the prison of Saint Peter. Eudorus, according to the orders of Galerius, was to be separated from his brethren, and brought the first to the combat: so in a valorous troop, the first object of attack is the hero who guides them. The keeper of the prison advances to the door of the dungeon, and calls upon the son of Lasthenes.

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ship, exhibited before the Roman people four crocodiles, and one hippopotamus, in a temporary lake prepared for the occasion. The hippopotamus was again exhibited by Augustus on his triumph over Cleopatra.

" Here am I," answers Eudorus: " why am I called?"

" Come out to die," cried the keeper.

" To live," exclaims Eudorus.

And he rises from the stone on which he was lying. Cyrillus, Gervasius, Protasius, Rogatian and his brother, Victor, Genes, Perseus, the Hermit of Vesuvius, cannot restrain their tears.

" Confessors," says Eudorus, " we shall soon meet again. A moment separated upon earth, we shall all re-assemble in heaven."

Eudorus had reserved for this occasion a white tunic, formerly intended for his nuptial vestment; he adds to this tunic a mantle embroidered by his mother: he appears more beautiful than a hunter of Arcadia about to dispute the prize of archery, or of music in the plains of Mantinea.

The people and the prætorians demand the son of Lasthenes with loud and impatient cries.

" I come," exclaims the martyr.

And, overcoming the pains of the body by the energy of the soul, he issues alone from the dungeon. Cyrillus cries:

" Son of a woman, there is given to you a front " of diamond: fear them not, and tremble not " before them."

The bishops send forth the Song of praises, recently composed at Carthage by Augustine the friend of Eudorus.

" O God, we praise thee! O God, we bless

" thee! The Heavens, the Angels, Thrones and " Cherubim proclaim thee thrice holy, Lord, " God of hosts!"

The bishops continued to chant the hymn of victory, whilst Eudorus, having left the prison, began already to enjoy his triumph: he was assaulted with brutal outrage. The centurion of the guard struck him rudely and cried:

" You are too slow."

" Companion," replied Eudorus, with a smile, " I have marched as quick as you against the enemy; but now, I am wounded, as you may perceive."

A scroll of paper was then fixed upon his breast, inscribed with these words:

" EUDORUS, A CHRISTIAN."

The people loaded him with vile opprobrium.

" Where is now his God?" said they. " What does it avail him to have preferred his worship to his life? We shall see whether he will arise with his Christ, or whether his Christ will be able to rescue him from our hands."

And this cruel crowd poured forth a thousand praises to their gods, and rejoiced in the vengeance which was about to be inflicted upon the enemies of their altars.

The Prince of darkness and his Angels, scattered abroad over the earth and throughout the air, were intoxicated with pride and exultation; they believed themselves about to triumph over

the cross—whilst the cross was preparing to plunge them into the abyss. They excited the fury of the pagans against the new apostle—they bruised him with stones—they strewed under his wounded feet fragments of vases and sharp pointed flints—they treated him as though he were himself the very Christ whom these miserable men so bitterly hated. He advanced slowly from the foot of the capitol to the amphitheatre, along the sacred way. At the arch of Septimius-Severus, at the temple of Jupiter Stator, at the rostrums, and wherever there appeared an image of the gods, the violence of the crowd redoubled: they wished to constrain the martyr to bow before the idols.

"Is it for the vanquisher to salute the vanquished?" said Eudorus. "Yet a few moments, and ye shall judge of my victory. O Rome, I behold a prince who places his diadem at the feet of Jesus Christ! The temple of the Spirits of darkness is closed—its gates shall open no more—and brazen bolts shall forbid all entrance for ages to come!"

"He predicts misfortunes for us," exclaim the people: "let us crush this impious wretch—let us tear him limb from limb."

The prætorians can hardly preserve the prophet martyr from the rage of these idolaters.

"Let them do their will," says Eudorus. "It is thus that they have often treated their emperors; but you shall not be obliged to employ the

point of your swords to force me to raise up my head."

They had broken all the triumphal statues of Eudorus. One only remained, and this happened to stand in the road of the martyr; a soldier, touched by this singular chance, lowered his casque to conceal his emotion. Eudorus perceived him and said:

"Friend, why do you mourn over my glory? It is to-day that I triumph! Merit the same honours!"

These words struck the soldier's heart; and a few days afterwards he embraced the Christian faith.

In this manner did Eudorus proceed to the amphitheatre; like a noble courser, which, pierced by a javelin on the field of battle, still advances to the combat, seemingly unconscious of his mortal wound.

But those who crowded around the confessor were not all enemies: there were many of the Faithful who sought to touch the vestments of the martyr—old men who treasured up his words—priests who gave him absolution in the midst of the crowd—young men and females who cried:

"We ask to die with him."

The confessor calmed by a word, a gesture, a look, these transports of virtue, and appeared to think only upon the transports of his brethren.

Hell waited at the gate of the arena to make upon him its final assault. The gladiators, conformably to the custom, attempted to clothe the Christian with a robe of the priests of Cybele.

"I will not die," exclaims Eudorus, "in the disguise of a vile deserter, and under the colours of idolatry: I will first tear with my own hands the bandages from my wounds. I belong to the Roman people and to Cæsar: if you deprive them, by my death, of the combat which I owe them, you shall answer for it with your lives."

Intimidated by this menace, the gladiators opened the gates of the amphitheatre, and the martyr entered alone, triumphant, into the arena.

An universal shout of furious applause, extending from the summit to its base, was answered and prolonged by the echoes of the building. The lions, and all the beasts confined in the caverns, join in these bursts of savage joy: the people themselves tremble with fear; the martyr alone stands firm and undismayed. He suddenly recals to mind the presentiment which he formerly experienced in this very place. He blushes for his past errors: he gives thanks to God who has again received him in his mercy, and conducted him, by his mysterious providence, to so glorious an end. He dwells, with tender affection, upon his father, his sisters, and his country; he recommends to the Eternal, Demodocus and Cymodocea: it was his last earthly thought; he now

directs his spirit and his affections towards heaven alone.

The emperor had not arrived, and the director of the games had not yet given the signal. The wounded martyr asked permission of the people to seat himself upon the sand of the arena, the better to preserve his strength; the people granted his request, in hopes of beholding a longer combat. The heroic youth, enveloped in his mantle, reclined upon the sand which was soon to drink his blood, as the shepherd upon the moss in the bosom of a solitary wood.

In the meanwhile, in the depths of eternity, a more brilliant light issued from the Holy of Holies. Angels, Thrones, Dominions heard, with extasies of joy, a voice which said:

"Peace to the church! Peace to mankind!"

The sacrifice is accepted—the last drop of the blood of the just is preparing a triumph for that religion which is soon to change the face of the world. The cohort of the martyrs begins to move: the celestial warriors assemble at the blast of the trumpet sounded by the Angel of the armies of heaven. There shines Stephen, the first of the confessors; there appear the intrepid Laurence, the eloquent Cyprian, and you, the honour of that pious and faithful city which the Rhone ravages, and the Saone caresses. Borne upon a luminous cloud, they descend to receive the happy soldier for whom the great victory is reserved.

The skies lower and open: the choirs of Patriarchs, of Prophets, of Apostles, and of Angels, approach to admire the combat of the just. The holy Wives, the Widows, the Virgins, surround and congratulate the mother of Eudorus, who alone turns her eyes from earth, and fixes them upon the throne of God.

Then Michael arms his right hand with that sword which precedes the footsteps of the Almighty, and which strikes its victim with an unexpected blow; in his left he holds a chain forged by the lightning's fire, in the arsenals of celestial wrath. An hundred Archangels formed its indissoluble links, under the direction of a burning Cherub: brass, mixed with silver and gold, was fashioned, under their massy hammers, with the most admirable skill; with this they mingled three rays of eternal vengeance, Despair, Terror, Malediction, a thunderbolt, and that living matter which composed the wheels of the chariot of Ezekiel.* At the signal of the all-powerful

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* This is somewhat similar to Virgil's description of the thunderbolt made by the Cyclops in the caverns of mount Ætna.

" Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque Steropesque et nudus membra Pyracmon.
His informatum manibus jam parte polita
Fulmen erat, toto genitor quæ plurima cœlo
Dejicit in terras: pars imperfecta manebat.

God, Michael darts from heaven like a comet. The frighted stars believe that their course is ended. The Archangel places one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land. He cries, with a terrible voice, and seven thunders accompany his words:

"The reign of Christ is established; idolatry "is passed away: death shall be no more. Vile "and accursed race, deliver the world from your "presence; and thou Satan, re-enter into the "gulf of the abyss, where thou shalt be chained "for a thousand years."

At these formidable accents, the rebel Angels

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutuli tres ignis et alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras."

Æn. lib. viii, c. 424.

Thus well translated by Mr. Pitt.

"The alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;
Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.
Huge strokes, rough Steropes and Brontes gave,
And strong Pyracmon shook the gloomy cave.
Before their sovereign came, the Cyclops strove
With eager speed, to forge a bolt for Jove,
Such as by heaven's almighty lord were hurl'd
All charg'd with vengeance on a guilty world.
Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey!
Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
Three points of rain; three forks of hail conspire;
Three arm'd with wind, and three were barb'd with fire;
The ways they temper'd thick with livid rays,
Fear, wrath, and terror, and the lightning's blaze."

Pitt's Æneid.

are seized with dismay. The prince of Hell determines still to resist, and to attempt a combat with the messenger of the Most High: he summons to his aid Astarte and the Dæmons of false wisdom and of homicide; but already plunged into the realms of woe, they are suffering new torments for the last evils which they have inflicted upon the human race. Satan, standing alone, attempts in vain to resist the celestial warrior: his strength is suddenly taken away; he perceives that his sceptre is broken and his power destroyed. Preceded by his vanquished legions, he plunges with fearful howlings into the gulf of the abyss. The living chains fall with him, embrace and bind him upon a burning rock in the centre of Hell.*

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* Mr. Cumberland's description of Satan's final overthrow, and his being plunged into Hell, is inimitably fine. He is represented as lurking near our Saviour during his agony in the garden. Gabriel meets him and is accosted by the fiend in taunting and insulting language; and while yet speaking:

"——————the Saviour of mankind,
Now risen from pray'r, drew nigh; whereat the fiend,
Or e'er the awful presence met his eye,
Shivering, as one by sudden fever seiz'd
Turn'd deadly pale; then fell to earth convuls'd.
Dire were the yells he vented, fierce the throes
That writh'd his tortur'd frame, whilst thro' the seams
And chinks, that in his jointed armour gap'd,
Blue sulph'rous flames in livid flashes burst,

The son of Lasthenes hears in the air ineffable concerts, and the distant sounds of a thousand

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So hot the hell within his fuel'd heart,
Which like a furnace seven times heated, rag'd."
Calvary, b. iv, v. 310.

Satan, thus disabled by the presence of the Saviour, unable to rise, and moaning over the wretched condition to which his own presumption has reduced him, is discovered by Mammon, who consoles and assists him in raising himself from the ground: Satan feels a presentiment of his approaching fate, and delivers his last injunction to Mammon; who

"——————————— answer none
Attempted, but in ghastly silence stood
Gazing with horror on his chieftain's face,
That chang'd all hues by fits, as when the north,
With nitrous vapours charg'd convulsive shoots
Its fiery darts athwart the trembling pole,
Making heaven's vault a canopy of blood;
So o'er the visage of the exorcis'd fiend
Alternate gleams like meteors came and went;
And ever and anon he beat his breast,
That quick and short with labouring pulses heav'd.
One piteous look he upward turn'd, one sigh
From his sad heart he fain had sent to heav'n,
But ere the hopeless messenger could leave
His quivering lips, by sudden impulse seiz'd
He finds himself uplifted from the earth:
His azure wings, to sooty black now chang'd,
In wide expanse from either shoulder stretch
For flight involuntary; up he springs
Whirl'd in a fiery vortex round and round;
Him thus ascending the fork'd lightning smites
With sidelong volley, whilst loud thunders rock
Heav'n's echoing vault, when all at once, behold!

golden harps mingled with voices of melodious sweetness. He raises his eyes and beholds the

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Caught in the stream of an impetuous gust
High in mid-air, swift on the level wing
Northward he shoots, and like a comet leaves
Long fiery track behind, speeding his course
Strait to the realms of Chaos and old Night,
Hell-bound and to Tartarean darkness doom'd."

Ibid. v. 757.

Notwithstanding the length of this description, the reader will, I am sure, have no objections to be made acquainted with the ultimate fate of Satan, as described by this venerable poet. After proceeding with the main action of the poem through the fifth, sixth and the greater part of the seventh book, we come again to Satan, who

" ——— Meanwhile ten thousand fathoms deep
At bottom of the pit, a mangled mass
With shatter'd brain, and broken limbs outspread,
Lay groaning on the adamantine rock:
Him the strong Angel with ethereal touch
Made whole in form, but not to strength restor'd,
Rather to pain and the acuter sense
Of shame and torment; hideous was the glare
Of his blood-streaming eyes, and loud he yell'd
For very agony, whilst on his limbs
The massy fetters, such as hell alone
Could forge in hottest sulphur, were infix'd
And rivetted in the perpetual stone:
Upon his back he lay extended, huge,
A hideous ruin; not a word vouchsaf'd
That vengeful Angel, but with quick dispatch
Plied his commission'd task, then stretch'd the wing
And upward flew: for now th' infernal cave

army of martyrs, overthrowing in Rome the altars of the false gods, and sapping the foundations of their temples amidst whirlwinds of dust. A wondrous ladder descends from a cloud to the feet of Eudorus. This ladder is of jasper, of hyacinth, of saphires and of emeralds, like the foundations of the heavenly Jerusalem. Whether illusion or reality, the martyr contemplates the splendid vision, and sighs for the moment when he may ascend this path to the skies.

Through all its vast circumference had giv'n
The dreadful warning, and began to close
Its rocky ribs upon th' imprison'd fiend.
Fierce and more fierce as it approach'd became
The flaming concave; thus compress'd, the vault
Red as metallic furnace glow'd intense
With heat, that had the hideous den been less
Than adamant it had become a flood,
Or *Satan* other than he was in sin
And arch-angelic strength pre-eminent,
He neither could have suffer'd nor deserv'd:
Panting he roll'd in streams of scalding sweat,
Parch'd with intolerable thirst, one drop
Of water then to cool his raging tongue
Had been a boon worth all his golden shrines:
Vain wish! for now the pit had closed its mouth,
Nor other light remained than what the glare
Of those reverberating fires bestow'd:
Then all the dungeon round was thick beset
With horrid faces, threat'ning as they glar'd
Their haggard eyes upon him; from hell's lake
Flocking they came, whole legions of the damn'd,
His worshippers on earth," &c. Ib. b. vii, v. 665.

But this is not all the glory which the God of Jacob reserves for his people. He infuses into the heart of a feeble woman, the noblest and most generous designs. As when the morning lark awaits upon the new ploughed field the return of light, no sooner does the infant day whiten the borders of the clouds, than she leaves the earth, and mounting into air sends forth a song that fills the traveller with delight: so the vigilant Cymodocea watches attentively for the first blush of morn, to depart to sing in heaven songs that shall ravish Israel. A ray of Aurora penetrates to the youthful Christian, through the laurel of Virgil. She rises in silence, and resumes her robes of martyrdom. The priest of Homer still enjoys the slumber which the Angel has shed over his eyes. Cymodocea softly approaches, and kneels at the couch of Demodocus. She contemplates her father with silent tears; she thinks of his terrible awakening; she can scarcely restrain herself from loud sobs of filial piety. Suddenly she recals her courage, or rather her love and her faith: she privately steals forth, like the new Spartan bride who secretly retires from her mothers's view to enjoy the embraces of her husband.

Dorotheus had not passed the night in the habitation of Virgil; the Christians slept not during the night which preceded the death of their brethren: accompanied by all his domestics, he had repaired with Zachariah to the amphithea-

tre. Disguised, in the midst of the crowd, he awaited the combat of the martyr, in order to bear away his glorious body and give it sepulture: like a flock of doves lingering near a field of newly cut grain, and awaiting the departure of the harvestmen to pick up the seeds which may remain upon the threshing floor.

Cymodocea encounters therefore no obstacle to her flight. Who could have suspected her designs? She descends through the peristyle, and opening the exterior gate, she sets forward in that Rome of which she was totally ignorant.

She wanders through deserted streets: the inhabitants have all flocked towards the amphitheatre. She knows not which way to direct her steps; she stops and lends an attentive ear, like a sentinel seeking to detect the silent tread of an approaching enemy. She seems to hear a distant murmur; she hastens towards it; the further she advances, the louder becomes the noise. She suddenly perceives a long train of soldiers, slaves, women, children and old men all pursuing the same direction; she beholds litters, chariots and horsemen hastening along the same road in quick and endless succession. A thousand accents, a thousand voices rise upon the air, and in this confused tumult, Cymodocea distinguishes this cry, repeated without end:

"The Christians to the beasts!"

"Here am I," she exclaims, whilst as yet too distant to be heard.

She advanced along a height which overlooked the crowd that surrounded the amphitheatre. Descending from the hill at the full blushing of Aurora, she appeared like that star of morning which the night lends for a moment to the day. Greece would have taken her for the mistress of Zephyrus or of Cephalus; Rome in an instant recognized a Christian: her azure robe, her white veil, her black mantle, betrayed her still less than her modesty.

"It is a Christian who has escaped," cried the people: "seize her."

"Yes," replied Cymodocea, blushing before the multitude, "I am a Christian, but I have not escaped; I have only lost my way. I might well mistake my road, young as I am and born far from hence, upon the shores of Greece, my beloved country. Powerful children of Romulus, will you conduct me to the amphitheatre?"

These words, which would have disarmed the tiger, drew upon Cymodocea nought but railleries and outrage. She had fallen amongst a group of men and women reeling under the fumes of wine. A voice attempted to say that this young Greek was not perhaps condemned to the beasts.

"I am," replied the young Christian with timidity—"they await me at the amphitheatre."

The troop conduct her there with loud and sa-

vage cries. The gladiator who presided over the introduction of the martyrs, had no orders for this victim, and refused to admit her to the place of sacrifice; but one of the doors of the arena happening to open, displayed Eudorus to her view: Cymodocea darted forward, like a winged arrow, and threw herself into her husband's arms.

An hundred thousand spectators rise up from their seats, with loud and tumultuous exclamations. They lean forward—they look down into the arena—they demand who the female is that has just thrown herself into the arms of the Christian. Some say:

"She is his spouse—she is a Christian doomed to perish—she wears the robe of the condemned."

Others again:

"It is the slave of Hierocles; we know her; it is that Greek who declared herself the enemy of the gods, when we sought to save her."

Some timid voices whispered:

"She is so young and beautiful!"

But the multitude exclaimed:

"Let her be delivered to the beasts, instead of multiplying in the empire the impious race!"

Horror, delight, fearful grief, extatic joy deprived the martyr of all power of speech; he pressed Cymodocea to his heart; he perceived that each passing moment hastened the termination of a life for which he would have given up

his own a thousand times. At length he exclaimed pouring forth a flood of tears:

"O Cymodocea, what has brought you hither! Is this a moment for me to behold you! What charm, or what misfortune has led you to *this* scene of carnage! Why do you come *to shake* my faith! How can *I* behold your death!"

"My master," answers Cymodocea with sobs, "pardon your servant. I have read in your holy book: "The wife shall leave her father and mother, and cling unto her husband." I have left my father—I have withdrawn from his love while he slept; I come to demand your pardon from Galerius, or to share your fate."

Cymodocea regards the pale countenance of the martyr, his wounds covered by useless bandages: she utters a cry, and, in a holy transport of love, she kisses his feet, and the sacred wounds of his arms and of his breast. Who can express the sentiments of Eudorus when he feels her pure lips touching his disfigured body? Who can tell the inconceivable charm of these first caresses of a beloved female, transmitted through the wounds of martyrdom? Heaven suddenly inspires the confessor; his head is surrounded by rays, and his face shines with the glory of God; he draws a ring from his finger, and steeping it in the blood of his wounds:

"I no longer oppose your designs," he says to Cymodocea: "I cannot seek to withhold from you a crown which you pursue with so much

courage. If I believe the secret voice that speaks to my heart, your mission upon this earth is finished: your father no longer needs your aid; God has charged himself with the care of that venerable man: he is about to acknowledge the true light, and will soon join his children in those abodes where nothing can ever again separate them from him. O Cymodocea, I have predicted it to you, we shall be united; we must die husband and wife. Here is the altar, the church, the nuptial couch. Behold the pomp that surrounds us—those fragrant perfumes that fall upon our heads. Raise your eyes, and contemplate in heaven, with the look of faith, that far more splendid pomp. Let us render lawful those eternal embraces which will succeed our martyrdom: take this ring and become my bride."

The angelic pair kneel in the arena; Eudorus places the ring, wet with his blood, upon the finger of Cymodocea.

"Servant of Jesus Christ," he says, "receive my faith. Thou art lovely as Rachel, sage as Rebecca, faithful as Sarah, without having enjoyed so long a life. Let us be fruitful—let us multiply—let us fill the heavens with our virtues."

The open heavens at this instant celebrate the divine nuptials; the Angels repeat the marriage song; the mother of Eudorus presents to the Eternal her united children, who are soon to appear at the foot of the everlasting throne; the

virgin martyrs weave the nuptial crown of Cymodocea; Jesus Christ blesses the happy couple, and the Holy Spirit fills their hearts with streams of exhaustless love.

But the crowd, beholding the two Christians upon their knees, imagined that they were supplicating for their lives. Turning the thumb towards them, as in the combats of the gladiators, they signified that by that sign they repelled their prayer and decreed their death! The Roman people, whose noble privileges had obtained for them the title of the people-king, had been long deprived of their independence: they were no longer absolute masters except in the direction of their pleasures; and as these very pleasures were nought but instruments to corrupt and enchain them, they possessed in effect only the sovereignty of their own slavery. The gladiator of the arena advanced at this moment to receive the orders of the people respecting the fate of Cymodocea.

"Free and mighty people," he says, "this Christian has entered out of her turn into the arena; she was condemned to die with the rest of the impious sect, after the combat of their chief; she has escaped from prison. Having lost her way, her evil genius, or rather the genius of the empire, has conducted her to the amphitheatre."

The people exclaimed with one common voice:

" The gods have willed it so: let her remain and perish!"

A small number, inwardly touched by the God of compassion, appeared affected by the youth of Cymodocea: they proposed to pardon the lovely Christian; but the crowd repeated:

" Let her remain—let her perish! The more beautiful the victim, the more acceptable to the gods."

They were no longer those children of Brutus, who heaped curses upon the great Pompey for arraying peaceful elephants in combat against each other! They were men brutalized by servitude, blinded by idolatry, and amongst whom humanity had been extinguished with the sentiment of liberty.

A voice is heard in the upper parts of the amphitheatre. It is done: Dorotheus renounces life.

" Romans," he exclaims, " it is I who have caused this—it was I, who during the last night, liberated that Angel of Heaven who has just thrown herself into your hands. I am a Christian—I demand the combat. May your infamous Jupiter perish with his temple! May he crush in his fall his detestible worshippers! May eternity enkindle its flames of vengeance to blast the barbarians who remain insensible to all the charms of misfortune, youth and virtue."

So saying, Dorotheus overthrows a statue of

Mercury. The attention and indignation of the people are instantly directed towards the quarter where he stands.

" A Christian in the amphitheatre! Let him be seized; let him be given up to the gladiators."

Dorotheus is dragged without the edifice, and condemned to perish with the crowd of confessors.

Suddenly was heard the clash of arms: the bridge leading from the palace of the emperor to the amphitheatre was let down, and Galerius made but one step from his bed of suffering to the scene of carnage: he had survived his torments, only to present himself for the last time before the people. He soon found that for him empire and life were at the same instant to end: a messenger from Gaul stood before him, to announce the death of Constantius. Constantine, proclaimed Cæsar by the legions, had at the same time declared himself a Christian, and was preparing to march towards Rome. This information, in harrowing up the soul of Galerius, rendered the hideous maladies of his body more fierce and insupportable; but, concealing his agonies within his own bosom, whether he sought to deceive himself, or whether he wished to deceive mankind, the spectre proceeded to seat himself at the imperial balcony, a fearful image of the king of terrors. What a contrast to the beauty, the life, the youth, exposed in the amphitheatre to the fury of leopards!

When the emperor appeared, the spectators arose and gave him the accustomed acclamation. Eudorus inclined respectfully towards the Cæsar. Cymodocea advanced under the balcony, to demand a pardon for Eudorus and to offer herself a sacrifice in his stead. The crowd relieved Galerius from the embarrassment of exhibiting himself cruel or compassionate; they had been long waiting the hour of combat; their thirst of blood had redoubled at sight of the victims. A cry was heard in every part of the amphitheatre:

"The beasts! Let loose the beasts! The impious to the beasts!"

Eudorus would have addressed the people in behalf of Cymodocea: his voice was drowned by a thousand cries:

"Let the signal be given! The beasts—the Christians to the beasts!"

The sound of the trumpet is heard: it announces the appearance of ferocious beasts. The chief of the Retiarii crosses the arena, and prepares to open the den of a tiger, distinguished for his fierceness.

Now there arises between Eudorus and Cymodocea an ever memorable contest: each of the two wished to perish the last.

"Eudorus," says Cymodocea, "if you was not wounded, I would ask to be the first to combat; but now I have more strength than you, and can bear to see you die."

"Cymodocea," replies Eudorus, "I have been a Christian much longer than you: I can better support pain; permit me to be the last to quit the earth."

So saying, the martyr takes off his mantle; he wraps it about Cymodocea, in order to conceal from the eyes of the spectators the charms of the daughter of Homer when she should be dragged about the arena by the tiger. Eudorus was unwilling that a death so chaste should be sullied by the shadow of an impure thought, even in others. Perhaps also it was a last instinct of nature, an emotion of that jealousy which attends real love even to the tomb.

The trumpet sounds for the second time.

The iron gate of the tiger's cave is heard to grate upon its hinges: the gladiator who opened it flies with fear. Eudorus places Cymodocea behind him. He is seen standing wholly immersed in prayer—his arms extended in form of a cross, and his eyes raised towards heaven.

The trumpet sounds for the third time.

The chains of the tiger are heard to fall, and the furious animal rushes with fearful roarings into the arena: the spectators start with an involuntary emotion. Cymodocea, seized with fear, cries out:

"Ah, save me!"

And she throws herself into the arms of Eudorus, who turns towards her. He presses her

to his breast; he would joyfully shelter her in his heart. The tiger springs towards the two martyrs. He raises himself up, and burying his nails in the body of the son of Lasthenes, he tears away, with his teeth, the shoulders of the intrepid confessor. As Cymodocea, still folded in the arms of her husband, opens upon him her eyes filled with love and terror, she perceives the tiger's blood-stained head near the head of Eudorus. In an instant the limbs of the victorious virgin become cold; her eye-lids close; she remains suspended in the arms of her husband, like a flake of snow upon the branches of a pine-tree of Menalus or Lyceus. The holy female martyrs, Eulalia, Felicitas, Perpetua, descend to seek their companion: the tiger has broken the ivory neck of the daughter of Homer. The Angel of Death cuts, with a smile, the thread of Cymodocea's days. She exhales her last breath without an effort—without a pang; she renders to heaven a divine spirit which seems unwilling to be confined to a body formed even by the Graces; she falls like a flower lopped by the scythe of the villager upon the turfy bank. Eudorus follows her, a moment after, into the eternal abodes: it might be taken for one of those peace-offerings at which the children of Aaron presented to the God of Israel a dove and a young bull.

The espoused martyrs have scarcely received the palm, when there appears in the heavens a cross

of light, like that Labarum which caused Constantine to triumph; thunder rolls over the Vatican, a hill then desert, but often visited by an unknown Spirit; the amphitheatre trembles upon its base; the statues of the idols are overthrown, and a voice, such as was once heard at Jerusalem, proclaims:

"The reign of idolatry is ended."

FINIS.